

THE
ANTI-GALLICAN;
OR, THE
HISTORY and ADVENTURES
OF
HARRY COBHAM,
ESQUIRE.

Inscribed to LOUIS the XVth,
by the AUTHOR.

*No Smuggled, Pilfer'd Scenes from France we show,
He's English, English, Sirs, from Top to Toe.*



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To the M A N,

Whom the World calls *Louis the Fifteenth*,
Who calls himself, *Most Christian King* ;

A N D

Whom, I call, most Infamous Treaty-Breaker,
Disgrace to Empire, Foe to Honour,
The Scourge of *France*, and the Scorn of *England*:

This Work

Is, without further Compliment,

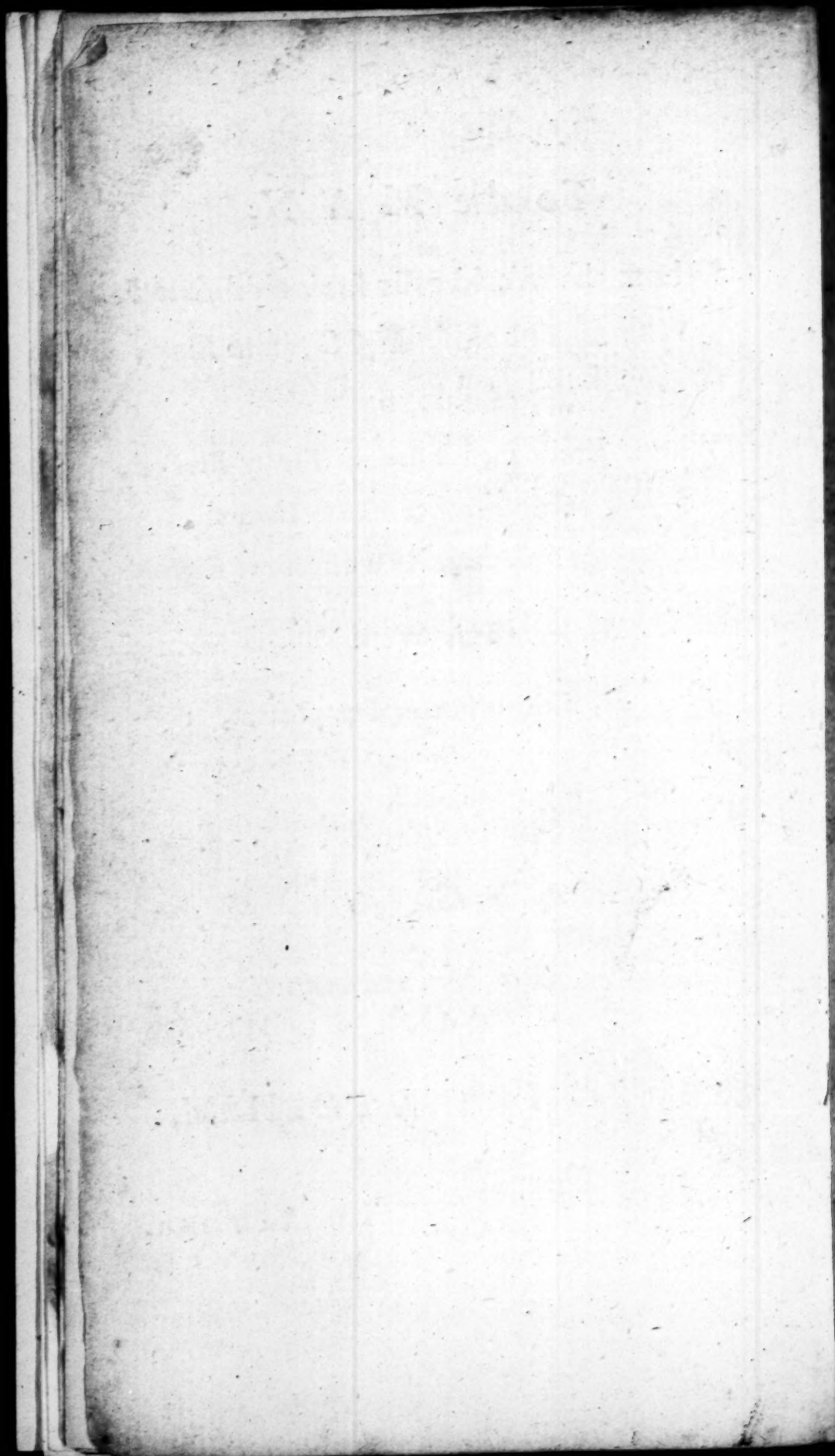
Inscribed,

By, *his Kingship's*

constant, and unalterable Enemy,

FRANK COBHAM,

The AUTHOR.





Introductory Preface.

Whoever thinks a faultless Piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er
shall be.

In ev'ry Work, regard the Writer's *End*,
Since none can compass more than they
intend :

And if the *Means* be just, the *Conduct* true,
Applause, in Spight of *trivial Faults*, is due.

POPE.

I Know not to what *Fatality* I may
ascribe it; whether to the dif-
ferent State of the *Atmosphere*, the
Influence of the *Planets*, the Effects
of *Peace*, of *War*, or what other rul-
ling Cause; but most true it is, there
are certain *Criteria* of Time, when
an *Assemblage* of coæval *Geniuses* spring
up at once into Birth, most of whom
employ their *Pericraniums* upon the
same,

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same, or nearly the same kind of Composition; so that it appears to be a Sort of Mode, or Fashion, in Letters, which varies, according to the Taste of the Public at different Periods. Let us but cast a Retrospect on the Augustan Age, and we shall find that remarkable Æra distinguished, by the illustrious Names of Virgil, Horace, Tibullus, Ovid, Martial, Varus, and others, Poets and Contemporaries.

If we descend to a more modern Epocha, we behold the auspicious Reigns of Anne and George the first, graced with Pope, Addison, Swift, Gay, Prior, Otway, and Congreve, cum multis aliis, quos nunc prescribere longum est.

Since his present Majesty's Accession, a Tribe of Novellists, have started into Business, and carried on a very extensive and lucrative Trade. Fielding, the Cervantes of England,
was

*was the first, if I mistake not, who made any considerable Figure in the Biographical Way. Perhaps it is from a laudable Spirit of Emulation, or the particular Disposition of the Public, just at this Season, to countenance and peruse this Species of Writing, that since the said Henry Fielding conceived, and brought his Bastard into the World, a numerous Banditti of fabulous Adventures, bad and indifferent, have regularly succeeded Mr. Thomas Jones. But far the greater Part of these, unhappily rambling from the Track pursued by him, have sunk one after another into Jakes and Oblivion. This recalls to my Mind those languid Imitations of a Raphael, Guido, or Titian, which passing through various Copies, each loses somewhat in it's Resemblance to the inimitable Original; till at length, they gradually end in no Resemblance at all. — I might also mention, by Way of Simile, that I once beheld the mighty Duke of Malborough drawn
by*

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by the Hand of some execrable Dawber, in a weatherbeaten Peruke, and rusty Armour, hanging in Effigy before a paltry Alehouse, and differed from that Godlike Hero in point of Likeness, Quantum dux Milite, as much as his Grace did from the meanest of his common Soldiers.; and if it was not true, (what the Proverb tells us) that Comparisons are odious, I might run on, in likening these unsuccessful Scribblers to the degenerate Posterity of Lord —, which worthy Nobleman flourished about a Century ago, and has left behind him a Train of Knaves, Prostitutes, and Pickpockets.

*But to resume the Point, I will not take upon me, to shew by what particular Means, so many different Essayists have failed, in their Attempts to please the Public, which is the more astonishing, as the Sale of many Romances, and other equally edifying Books, has been chiefly owing to the loose and obscene Portraits they abound with. Every Bookseller knows, these
are*

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*are taking Subjects; and these Gentlemen are too apt to build the Success of their Publications on the vitiated Taste of their Readers. A well-moralled Fable, wrote with Spirit, Decency and Judgment, will convey Pleasure with Instruction; and he who writes for good Principles, and docile Tempers only, merits truly that Commendation and Encouragement, which should ever attend on virtuous Labours. I grant, that the Profligacy of Mankind is not to be imputed entirely to vicious Books; yet we cannot deny, that as virtuous and liberal Principles will thrive and abound, when cherished by good Examples and Precept, so (by the natural Depravity of Human Nature) they will much sooner be destroyed and eradicated by bad Ones. — I have taken the Freedom to premise these Observations, chiefly with a View to open the Eyes of such of my Countrymen who, so corrupt is their Appetite, cannot relish any Entertainment, that does not strongly savour of Carnality. I might, upon
this*

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this Occasion have endeavoured to prove Libertinism a Sin, or have shewn the certain Tendency, which bawdy Scenes, and lewd Romances have to extinguish virtuous Sentiments. But I am fully aware, that an Attempt of this kind would have drawn the whole Artillery of Wit and Ridicule upon my Head. Besides, Custom and Fashion have so effectually guaranteed Fornication against all it's Opponents, that my honest Endeavours must have been blasted, with all those terrible Evils consequent upon Innovations; nor could I have produced any other Anathemas to suppress this favourite Vice, (Diversions I would have said) but what the musty Records of the Bible afford: Having therefore no better Authority to enforce my Arguments, I must be fain to continue still a Well-wisher only to a Reformation in this particular. Lest in any Thing I have said, I may seem to have reflected on my Brethren of the Quill, in order the better to enhance

enhance my own Merit, I cannot but take Notice that I heartily despise all such who erect the Superstructure of their own Works on the Ruins of others; and this may be done by prejudicing the Reader against all other Romance-makers, as a Sett of mercenary illiterate Wretches, who, he is told, are impelled by Hunger, or the Vanity of appearing in Print, to spin out, like so many Garret Spiders, their dirty Cobwebs into six or seven Volumes, and inveigle on the unhappy Peruser to the End, by flattering his Curiosity, with the vain Hope, of still meeting with somewhat to recompence his Trouble. Another of these Malevoli, expects in his Preface, that his candid and judicious Readers will be highly delighted with his Performance, because 'tis Nouvelle, and any thing New cannot fail of pleasing. A third Sort of Writers, speaking in less submissive Strain, assume an Air of Importance; lament the late Increase of Scribblers, who

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who swarm and prey upon the Public like Locusts and Caterpillars. *Then with a truly magisterial Discipline, they flog their poor Fellow-labourers off the Stage, without Mercy, lash the modern Taste, and lastly, assign to themselves the arduous Task of amending, refining, and giving it the due Polish.*

These are Monopolists in Literature, who depreciate the Commodities of other Dealers, in order to promote the Credit and Sale of their own: I would not be accused of imitating these Gentry in their Servility, Conceit, or Pedantry; but, like the honest and fair Trader, expose my Goods to be tumbled over, admired or rejected, just as the Humour of my Customers inclines them. With regard to my Success, I depend very little upon the sterling Merit of this Performance, being extremely sensible, that it abounds every where with Dross and Alloy. — My only Gleam of Hope is,
that

that by mingling in the numerous Herd of Biographers, I may pass along undistinguished and inconspicuous; and if viewed at all, it may be superficially, and without a close Examination. As this fair Acknowledgment carries with it so uncommon a Proof of Modesty, I shall hope the Reader will indulge me in a Word or two extraordinary about the following Narrative. Mr. Cobham, the Hero of the Drama, is a distant Relation of mine; and as he resides not far from this Metropolis, I spend several Months in the Year at his Seat. The surprizing Particulars of this Gentleman's History I have heard, at least thirty Times from his own Mouth; nor is this at all to be wondered at, for till very lately, I never once paid him a Visit, but I found him encircled with a crouded Audience of his Friends, attending to the Detail of his Adventures. The good Man (tho' by reason of an Impediment in his Speech, very ill qualified for the Office)

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fice) always yielded passively to their Sollicitations, and recounted over and over again the same Chain of Facts; but the more he complied with this inquisitive Humour in some of his Acquaintance, especially the Female Part, the more was he pestered with others, who deemed themselves entitled equally with the rest to hear the Recital of his Story; till my very obliging Cousin, at length grew heartily tired with the incessant Toil of Repetition.

It was upon this Score, he took me aside one Day, and discoursed to the following Effect. — You see, my dear Cousin, how much I suffer from the Curiosity of this importunate Multitude. I swear by Heaven, that 'twere better endure ten thousand perilous Disasters, more severe than those I have already born, nay, even the Labours of Hercules himself, than be compelled to harass my Lungs in this slavish Manner. The Work of Sisyphus,

Who

Who with many a Groan
 Uprolls with ceaseless Toil, his Stone,
 To fix it on the topmost Hill,
 In vain.

were a Pastime, compared to my unremitted Drudgery. To be brief, my good Cousin, as you are a young Man of ready Pen, I would entreat you to be my Historiographer for once, to the end that after the sedulous Printer has multiplied your Copy, the whole Circle of my Acquaintance may, for a small Premium, read me over and over as often as they please, with more Satisfaction to all Parties. This is the only means, I can hit upon to be rid at once of these perpetual Tormentors. Your Memory, I doubt not, will supply you with every Circumstance, that I have so frequently repeated in your Hearing. And that no one may controvert the Authenticity of your Relation, I will empower you with sufficient Authority, under my Sign Manual.

After

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After this fine Oration, he delivered into my Hands his gracious Deed of Permission, which I have thought expedient to insert in this Place.

“ **To All** to whom these Presents
“ shall come, Greeting. Know ye, that
“ I Harry Cobham, of the County of
“ Kent, Esquire, have, for sundry
“ wise Considerations me hereunto
“ moving, given full Priviledge,
“ Power, and Authority, unto my
“ trusty, and well beloved Kinsman
“ Frank Cobham, to write, print,
“ and publish, a true and succinēt
“ Account of my Adventures. And
“ I do hereby declare his Narrative
“ to be true, just, and valid in
“ every Circumstance. And by these
“ Presents, I do most earnestly recom-
“ mend it to the Perusal of my Friends
“ in particular, together with free
“ Leave, Permission, and Licence for
“ Persons of all Nations, Sexes, De-
“ grees, and Persuasions whatsoever
“ to buy the same; strictly forbidding
“ them

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" them at the same time, to censure,
" damn, defile, or prostitute it to
" unbecoming Uses; whereof, all
" Critics, School-boys, Tobacco-smoa-
" kers, Cheesemongers, Physicians,
" Trunk-makers, Pastrycooks, and
" other Dealers in waste Paper, are
" to take Notice, and govern them-
" selves accordingly. Given under
" my Hand this first Day of May,—
" in the Two-score and Fifteenth
" Year of my Age, Annoque Domini
" 1756.

" HARRY COBHAM."

*After receiving this from the
Hands of my Cousin, I signified my
Readiness to oblige him, and promised
I would acquit myself of the Task he
had allotted me, to the best of my hum-
ble Ability. I then entered his Study,
assumed Pen, Ink, and Paper; and
with great Deliberation seating my-
self in his Elbow Chair (tho' some are
of Opinion that it is better to write
standing) I proceeded immediately to
Business*

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Business. In what manner my Trust has been executed, I leave to the Reader's Determination. I doubt not but he will be disgusted with trite Phrases, low Expressions, Tautologies, and some other Inaccuracy, either of Diction, Style, or Method, which will too frequently occur to his Notice in the following Sheets. I own it was my Duty, as an Author, to have bestowed more Labour in revising, and correcting the grosser Errors, before I exposed my Work to public View; but this might have cost me more Time, than was employed in compiling it. They who write to please the Eye, may study Phraseology, Tropes, and Rhetorical Flowers, if they think proper, and supply the Want of Meaning with all the Decorations of gay Conceit, fine Paper, good Letter, and a gaudy Binding: I would rather chuse to address the Heart. My Page, like the Hero it treats of, is plain, rough, and unpolished,

— minus

—— minus aptus acutis,
Naribus horum hominum.

—— unfit
For the brisk Petulance of modern Wit.

But if the candid Reader will excuse the Dishabille it appears in, and undorned and clownish as it is, consider it as the Product of a good and virtuous Motive, tending to encourage public Spirit, and animate the generous Briton to a laudable Defence of those invaluable Blessings he enjoys under so excellent a Constitution; I say, if he can be kind enough to overlook the little Improproprieties of Expression, and other Peccadilloes, and examine it in this Point of View, I dare hope, he will meet with a small Degree of Entertainment, which, however inconsiderable, will in some measure reward the Pains I took in the Composition.

Besides,

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*Besides, I would have him reflect,
that Books resemble Mankind in this
Respect,*

Nemo vitiis sine nascitur, optimus ille est,
Qui minimis urgetur.

No Books so perfect, but with Faults abound,
The best are those wherein the least are found.



T H E



THE
ANTI-GALLICAN;
OR, THE
HISTORY and ADVENTURES
OF
HARRY COBHAM.
CHAP. I.

*You, my Britons, with immortal Hate,
In future Times, pursue the Gallic State.
By Land, by Sea, in Arms the Nation dare,
And wage from Son to Son eternal War.*

IN the County of Kent, a-
bout the Distance of half a
Mile from a small River, stood
Rufus Castle, the antient Seat
of the Cobhams. In the Time of Henry I.
sur-named the *Beau-clerc*, (whom my
B Friend

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Friend *Harry* challenges as the Founder of his Family) it is recorded to have been dedicated to religious Uses. But since the first Edification, it has undergone various Metamorphoses; having successively been converted from a Monastery, to a Nunnery; from a Nunnery, to a Country-Seat, a Tavern, a Barn, a Play-house, a Methodistical Chapel, a Quakers Meeting, a Grammar-School, and lastly, to a Country-Seat again. It stood a venerable Pile of Building, of Gothic Architecture, surrounded with Battlements on the Top, and at Bottom, with a Fosse, which had for many Years been dried up. It was here *Harry Cobham*, Esq; and his Wife, a Lady of excellent Accomplishments) took up their Residence. They had one only Child, a Daughter, who was, at the Time this History commences, on her Journey homewards from a Boarding-School at some Distance, in order to enjoy that agreeable Respite from scholastic Labours, which the friendly *Christmas*, adored by all Lovers of Mince-pies, and Twelfth-cake, dispences to its little Voracious. If Miss *Sophia* longed (with that impatient Eagerness a tedious Absence

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sence from those we love creates) to embrace her dear Parents, they, and particularly the good Lady, were not less anxious for the happy Meeting. For, besides the Pleasure of marking the great Proficiency she was expected to have made in all the Graces of genteel Education, and polite Improvements, Mrs. *Cobham* had formed a secret Scheme of taking her entirely away from that Seminary, to be a Bosom Friend and Companion for herself. It was to be considered too, she was now in her fifteenth Year, and might, therefore, be supposed duly qualified for those important Stations. To be plain, though Mr. *Cobham* behaved at all Times in a very civil obliging Manner, yet was he by no Means provided with a Fund of entertaining, or, what is better termed, Ladies Conversation.

From Morning to Midnight, Politics were his favourite Topic, and her mortal Aversion. And to say the Truth, Conversation, unless it has Variety to shift the Scene, and distribute it into a Multiplicity of Branches, must necessarily grow fatiguing and insipid to a

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Female Ear. The Manner in which most of my fair Countrywomen are brought up, gives them an Opportunity of furnishing their Minds with various *simple*, and but few *complex* Ideas. So that one cannot expect to hear, from their pretty Mouths, a Series of long Deductions, and abstracted Reasoning. And although it is at present an established Maxim among Ladies of Fashion not to Think at all, yet it is very evident this is nothing but meer Caprice and Whim. For, to prove that their Capacities will admit of the most thorough-paced Knowledge, let us but attend to Lady *Whirlwind* (an Epitome of the Sex) while she descants on Routs, Operas, and Taste; while she quotes *Hoyle's Reports*, by Chapter, Page, and Line; or tickles the Ears of her little Party with delicious Scandal, and we shall find her Ladyship provided with ample Matter for an everlasting Volubility on either of these Subjects. Nay, to demonstrate their almost incredible Strength of Memory, let the Thread of her Ladyship's Narration be accidentally interrupted, and she will rejoin it again exactly where it broke off, after
an

an Interval of two or three Years. It is therefore great matter of Pity, that the Ladies, whose intellectual Organs are of so fine, so retentive a Structure, should be suffered to attain only a superficial Knowledge in philosophic Lore, and learned Lumber. Whereas, a little Application, joined to the delicate Perceptions and Irradiations they receive from Nature, would make them perfect Adepts in Metaphysics.

Mrs. *Cobham*, amidst a Synod of Literati, would have appeared extreamly deficient in Point of classical, physical, or political Knowledge ; but to the Female Circle, her Knowledge of the World, her easy Carriage, and elegant Reflections, recommended her as a very agreeable Woman. Since, therefore, she could neither smoke, drink, nor talk Politics with Mr. *Cobham*, it is not at all astonishing, that she should impatiently long for *Sophy's* Arrival. As for the old Gentleman, he did not, like most of his Brother Rustics, place his *Summum Bonum* in a staunch Hunter, or a Pack of Fox-Hounds ; he had no great Affection for any Dogs but Mastiffs of the

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true *English* Breed; a Brace of these, by Name *Towzer* and *Lion*, he kept in his House; their Genealogy, together with his own, was depicted at Length in his great Hall, which was adorned besides, with the Duke of *Malborough's* Battles, the taking of *Porto-bello*, and the Defeat of the Rebels at *Culloden*, all neatly coloured with his own Hand. There being one very extraordinary Anecdote recorded of *Towzer's* Grandfire, it would not be doing Justice to the Memory of so worthy a Dog, if I pass it over in Silence. The Affair happened in the Life-time of *Harry's* Father.—

It seems, the Parson of the Parish, whenever the Fumes of the 'Squire's Ale ascended into the *Cerebrum*, used, on his Return to the Vicarage, to indulge in a placid Slumber, and depend on his trusty Steed for conveying him securely home. *Towzer* was no small Favourite of the Parson's, and in grateful Reciprocraton (though some alledge the Doctor's beautifully-spotted Spaniel *Flora*, to have been the chief Motive) generally escorted him to the Door of his House. As Dr. *Tickletext* was one Night returning homewards in his usual Manner,

Manner, his dapple Steed being likewise under the soporiferous Impulse of *Morpheus*, rambled from the direct Road, and flounced headlong into the River mentioned in the Beginning of this Chapter, whose Flood at that Time was greatly swelled by heavy Rains. Dr. *Tickletext*, in the Midst of his drowsy *Delirium*, was unhorsed, and thrown with great Violence into the Torrent; and there he had inevitably perished, and left a Wife and six Children to lament his Fall, had not the faithful *Towzer*, observing his Distress, plunged into the watery Deep, and, seizing his dear Benefactor by the Breech, safely drew ashore, and rescued him from the Jaws of Death. Dr. *Tickletext* from thenceforward postponed, though not without Regret, the Enjoyment of his customary Nap, till he was fairly squatted in his easy Chair at home; and, to perpetuate the Remembrance of this miraculous Escape, he procured a handsome silver Collar to be made for *Towzer*, and inscribed with a short Account of his generous Behaviour, concluding with this Sentence, “ Blush, O Mor-

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“ tal, at this Example, and let a Dog
 “ instruct thee to be grateful.”

To sum up Mr. *Cobham's* Character in few Words, “ He was a most rigid “ *Anti-gallican.*”—One would have concluded from the general Tenor of his Conduct, from the Simplicity of his Manners, friendly Disposition, and unlimited Benevolence, that a Heart so humanized to every tender Feeling, could never be tainted with any Degree of Rancour; yet certain it is, he most inveterately hated the whole Nation of *Frenchmen*. So far from endeavouring to conceal his Antipathy, he gloried in it, confest it with the highest Exultation, and drew upon himself by this Means, the undeserved Derision and Odium of all his Neighbours, especially the Ladies, whose Prejudice ran, for the most Part, directly counter to Mr. *Cobham's*, and who never spoke any Language but *French*, would be waited on by none but *French* Servants, wear nothing but Cloaths of *French* Manufacture; in short, would disdain even to make use of a Pin, unless imported from *Paris*.—Among the various Reasons

sons alledged by Mr. *Cobham* in Defence of his singular Way of Thinking, the following are not unworthy my Reader's Notice. * It is not sufficient, said he, that we despise the Fopperies of our profest Enemy, we should consider them as a Body of People, whom, both in a religious and political View, we are born to abhor and to dread. And, as among Brute Creatures, there are many natural Antipathies which direct such Beings as are void of Reason, to fly from those Animals which seek their Destruction; and as that Species which is the Food of another, is prompted, by a secret Instinct, to beware of its Enemy, to live in a perpetual Apprehension of him, and to shun all manner of Commerce with him; so the several Nations and Governments of reasonable Creatures have other Governments and Nations for their respective Enemies, after the same Manner as one Species of Animals live in a State of Warfare with another: And in this

* It is proper to observe in this Place, that the late Sir *Richard Steel*, was almost entirely of the same Opinion with Mr. *Cobham*.

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Case, too, the only Security for the weaker Side, is a certain national Fear and Aversion, which they inherit from their Forefathers, with regard to their formidable Neighbours. It was this national Antipathy, which secured *Greece*, and united its States together. The same subsisted between the *Romans* and *Carthaginians*; and the same now does, and I hope will never, to latest Posterity, be extinguished between *England* and *France*. For it is this political Fear and Aversion wherein our Safety consists. If any Nation be dangerous to another by the Nearness of its Situation, by its comparative Strength and Riches, by the Constitution of its Government, by its Form of Religion, the hereditary Ambition of its Princes, the Humour and Disposition of its Inhabitants, such a Nation cannot raise too many Jealousies in the Minds of those who have the Misfortune to be its Neighbours, and who, for some hundreds of Years, have been Sufferers by it. What I have said of national, may be in the same Manner applied to a religious Aversion. For when a People have lost the Abhorrence of a Religion,
which

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which is every where solliciting them, they are in a fair Way for its Reception. It is therefore an honest Antipathy, arising out of Love of my Country, that sets my Heart against the Politics of *France*, which must be ruinous to that of which myself am a Member. An Aversion which, as it comes derived to us from our great Forefathers, is our natural Security, seems wrought into the very Genius of our Nation, and can only decay in Proportion as public Spirit decays with it.

Why, at other Times, would he say, should I be taxed for Folly or Barbarity, in professing my utter Abhorrence to a People, who have ever been the Rivals and Foes of *Britain*? I account it not at all unchristian to detest them from the very Bottom of my Heart. Hatred in some Cases, is a laudable Quality; it is a Virtue. The Detestation of Vice is justifiable, and why not of vicious Men? Such are these miscreant *Frenchmen*, whose repeated Acts of Perfidy, whose unwarrantable Hostilities in Time of Peace, whose restless Spirit of Ambition, whose Fraud, Chicane and Treachery,

chery, all unite to render them detestable in the Eyes of every honest Man.—— Their lawless Depredations in *America*, their Breach of all Public Faith and National Honour, call loudly on every Power in *Europe* to assist us in vindicating our Wrongs, and inflicting a merited Punishment on the fraudulent Aggressor. They have not even scrupled to add Murder to the rest of their Crimes: For it is at their hellish Instigation, that the brutal and uncivilized Savages have exercised such inhuman Barbarities on our Colonists, as History cannot parallel. We are obliged, at an immense Expence, to raise the necessary Subsidies and Armaments for the just Protection of our lawful Rights; and to this End, new Taxes must be levied, which are but so many additional Grievances to the Subject, yet will hardly be deemed so, when they are considered as the Means of avenging ourselves on a vile and faithless Enemy. And can we ever obliterate these Injuries from our Memory, or treat, with any Degree of Temper, much less Friendship, a People whose base Perfidy, and insatiable Ambition, have brought these unprovoked

voked Calamities upon us? Upon what Terms, continues he, shall I negotiate with that Man, who subscribes to Articles of Alliance, which he never intends to observe? Who, 'midst his specious Professions of Friendship, aims the Dagger at my Throat, and never sues for Peace, but with a Pre-determination to break it? Shall I courteously receive this Traitor to my Arms, expose my unguarded Bosom to his Weapon? or hope the sanctimonious Ties of Amity will bind the Man who spurns all Laws both Human and Divine beneath him?—No, if it be a Weakness, or a Crime to pursue such a Wretch with inflexible Hatred, I glory in it; I am not ashamed to own it; and will never submit to pay Homage, or Courtesy to *Frenchmen*, or any thing that appertains to them.—Far be it from me to condemn my Countrymen for adopting any Invention in Arts or Sciences, which owes its Birth to the fertile Genius of our bitterest Enemies.—No——let us endeavour at raising ourselves to an equal, if not superior Pitch of Excellence, in every Science and Profession, to all the Nations of the

the Globe. But at the same Time let us be content with the intrinsic Utility only in what we borrow, and not import those Vices and Follies which may prove a Disgrace and Injury to us. As to our Language, what in the World more copious, significant, or better adapted to Expression and Composition, than the *English*? What Dress more becoming than what was worn about a Century ago? There, Madam, (addressing himself to Mrs. *Cobbam*, and pointing to the Figure of his great Grand-father, Sir *Gregory Heartoak*,) compare that venerable Habit with our modern Mummery of Dress. It was in that very Suit, Sir *Gregory* appeared at Court soon after the Restoration, and was complimented for his Taste by his Majesty, and all the great Folks on the Birth-night. — What Simplicity and Elegance in the Ruff and Band! What Dignity in the Whiskers! — Here are no Superfluities, no preposterous Cuffs, Monkey Tails, nor Pidgeons Wings above his Ears, that make People look as if their Heads were about to fly away from their Shoulders; all is plain, comely, and decent. And with respect to our Manners,

Manners, what could recommend us more to the Love of God and Man, than the frank Hospitality, undissembled Sincerity, and intrepid Valour, which distinguished our great Forefathers? It grieves me sensibly, when I look around, and see the present Race of *Britons* so degenerate, that scarce one in an Hundred retains the genuine *British* Principles.

We ourselves are forging an ignominious Chain, to enthrall our unhappy Posterity. The *French* Language, as the first Step to their Conquest, gains daily Ground among us. Every Particle of the Female Habit passes under a *French* Name, and derives itself from *French* Extraction; and I cannot but consider, the Cardinals, Pentelairs, and a long *Et cætera* of your Attire, Madam, as so many Badges of our Vassalage, imposed by the Conquerors. When the Women set the Example, impolitic as it is, I suppose the Men will not be tardy in following. Why need I mention our inconsiderate Subjection in Furniture, Diversions, Equipage. 'Tis but two well known, how Valets and Head-dressers,

Head-dressers, the very lowest Scum and Refuse of their Country, lead *British* Wives and Husbands by the Nose, and by soft Insinuation, unremitted Flatteries, Grinns and Compliments, gain such entire Ascendancy over Families, as to govern those, whom at first they were taught to fear and obey. But let the World go as it lists, no Man shall ever affirm, that honest *Cobham* forfeited his Character of a true *Englishman*, or was in the least accessory in the sacrificing his Country to a Parcel of Knaves and Vagabonds, or voted the Introduction of Slavery, Popery, and *Frenchmen* among us.

C H A P. II.

*That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful Conquest of itself.*

SHAKESP. K. RICH. II.

THIS was Mr. *Cobham's* System of Patriotism, and he had found no small Difficulty in his Endeavours to reconcile it to Mrs. *Cobham's* Way of thinking, for tho' she could not but allow, there
was

was some Appearance of Reason in what he urged, yet she could not conceive the Necessity of being singular in Things, which the general Mode and Custom sanctified — That as to the *French* Language, we were in little Danger from that Quarter, since we had greatly enriched our own by it: and that it not only supplied the Deficiencies, and Want of Expression in the *English* Tongue, but qualified us for the Converse of almost all other Parts of *Europe*, whose Inhabitants were not ashamed to learn it; and for the Study of such *French* Authors whose Morality, good Sense and Wit may render them worthy our Perusal. That altho' she took the Liberty to differ thus far from him in her Sentiments, as to these Points, yet she could not but agree with him in stigmatizing them for a faithless, dishonest Set of People, whom a too passive Conduct renders insolent, and nothing but Blows can reduce to good Behaviour — Mr. *Cobham* by no Means approved her Objections, and made frequent and fruitless Attempts to proselyte his Wife to an entire Concurrence with his Notions. He was exerting his argumentative Powers, with

with more than usual Success one Night, when a loud Knocking at the great Gate put a Stop to the Torrent of his Eloquence — He was about to proceed, when the Parlour Door opened, and discovered *Sophia*, his lovely blooming Daughter just arrived. She flew to throw herself on her Knees, and beg her dear Parents Blessing. Mrs. *Cobham* wept with Joy in her Embrace; but the old Gentleman, assuming an Aspect uncommonly stern, surveyed her with an Air of cool Indifference, and opened not his Lips, till Miss, surprized at this unexpected Reception, burst into Tears, which scarce permitted her to say, tell me, dear Sir, what Particular in my Conduct has given you Offence? What Means this afflicting Coolness to your Daughter? Tell me, Sir, that I may implore Forgiveness, and make immediate Reparation for my Fault! — *Sophia*, (replied he) I was willing you should be educated in a virtuous, discreet, and commendable Way, such as becomes your Father's Station in Life, and the circumscribed Fortune to which my Death will entitle you. It was from this Consideration

I entrusted you to the Care of Mrs. *Deborah Slyboots*, the Quaker, whose professed Repugnance to the Vanities of Dress, and the Foibles concomitant to the Majority of her Sex, gave me the highest Notion of her Abilities, as a School-Mistress — When last I saw you, you was clad in homely Ruffet; your whole Person was attired in Simplicity and Neatness; but now, what a Change do I perceive in you. I can scarce give Credit to my Eyes, and am still in Doubt, whether or no you are the same Girl, and my Daughter. Why, Child — thy Petticoats are flounced and furbelowed from Top to Bottom, and hang suspended half a Yard above the Surface of the Earth! Thy Stays are cropt immodestly low, and thy Hair is totally uncovered, except with a Bit of dirty Feather! Thou art e'en a perfect Phænomenon, and as strange a Sight as *Long Meg*, or *Mother Skipton*. — What can be the Meaning of this? — Has your Mother, unknown to me, commanded this Alteration, or have you, *Hussey*, presumed, notwithstanding my strict Orders to the contrary, to *Frenchify*, and disfigure yourself in
this

this hideous Manner? — Alas, Sir, replied the still kneeling *Sophia*, if my Dress is the Occasion of estranging your Affection from me, I am overjoyed my ever honoured Mother and myself are wholly inculpable on that Account — But since I had lost the Pleasure of seeing you, Mrs. *Deborah* has changed her Condition, and with it her Method of Education. Some Months before this happened, it was obvious on a sudden to every Body in the House, that the pious Lady was pregnant. Scandalous Tales were immediately whispered in every Corner of it. — The Story took Air, Suspicion fell on *Obadiab* the Footman, and they were both interdicted the Conventicle of the Brethren. Shortly after which, the public Renunciation of her Principles, her Nuptials with Monsieur *de Jaunty*, her Stay-maker, unravelled the whole Affair. Mr. *Scrapewell*, the former Dancing Master was discarded upon this, and Monsieur *de Jaunty* undertook that Office himself. A thorough Revolution instantly took Place in the Family; the former Servants were discharged, to make Room for Monsieur's Friends
and

and Countrymen, and a total Metamorphosis was made in our Dress, Converſe, and Manner of living. What chiefly made me uneaſy, was, firſt, that I was effectually debarred from transmitting any Account of this Change to you, as all our Letters muſt paſs our Miſtreſs's Inſpection; and, in the next Place, a ſtrong Suſpicion went abroad, that ſome criminal Familiarities has been detected between Monſieur and one of my Schoolfellows. This ſeems not at all improbable, as Monſieur and his Lady were often at high Words. Miſs was taken ill, as 'tis reported, of a very ugly Diſorder, and was ſent away privately from School to her Friends, without any reaſonable Pretext for ſo doing. Here Mr. *Cobham* loſt all Patience; Rage ſhined from either Eye, reddened on each Cheek, and almoſt choaked his Utterance. Confounded Puppy! ſays he; 'tis thus the generous Blood of *Engliſhmen* is poisoned and adulterated. I burn with Indignation at the Thoughts. However, my Child, I am glad to ſee thee ſafe and ſound, tho' diſguiſed in this ſcandalous Manner. But prithee, Wife, let me never behold her again in
theſe

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these Fantasticks. Mrs. *Homespun*, your Habit-maker, shall accommodate her with a new Suit of more decent Habilliments. Pray let her be sent for Tomorrow, and, Madam, I could wish you would never more argue any thing in favour of these papistical Scoundrels, by whose Means, as this recent Instance may demonstrate, our Taste and Manners are corrupted, and our Sons and Daughters brought within the Verge of Ruin. And this will ever be the Case, as long as we harbour these Valets, and Stay-makers, and Fools, to close our Eyes with Flattery and Fawning; and who, when they have once got us into their Clutches, eat us up without Mercy.

I remember a Case very apposite to my present Purpose. It relates to a Gentleman I had formerly some Knowledge of; but Supper waits for us, after which you shall hear the Story.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

*I can forgive
A Foe, but not a Mistress, and a Friend;
Treason is there in its most horrid Shape,
Where Trust is greatest. —*

DRYDEN.

THE Cloth was no sooner removed, but Mr. *Cobham* being reminded of his Promise; *Will Dupe*, said he, a very honest Fellow, and an old School-fellow of mine, is the Gentleman I spoke of. He was born to a Fortune of Five hundred Pounds *per Annum*. About his three and twentieth Year he took up his Residence in the *Temple*, and, contrary to the Custom of most of the other Students in that Nursery of learned Lawyers, he actually applied himself to *Coke* upon *Littleton*, with Diligence and Perseverance. He was as regular in his Attendance at *Westminster-Hall*, as the other Youths are at *George's*. Instead of dozing over the political Effluvia of Coffee, or indulging in the delicate Sweets of *Capillair*, he would often dine upon musty Reports,

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Reports, and preferred an Oration from the Att——y-General, to the stupid Eloquence of C——r, or the Insipidity of Coffee-house Orators. In short, he was the very Paragon of Industry, and advanced with such hasty Strides towards the Pinnacle of Knowledge and Fame, that no one could ever bid fairer for arriving at it, and reaping the Fruits of his Labour. But, alas, the young Men of his Acquaintance observing a Behaviour in him so directly opposite to their own, humbly conceived it their Duty to effect his Apostacy. They exclaimed how immensely ridiculous it was for a young Fellow of his Fortune, Vivacity and Genius, to bury himself alive in a laborious, plodding Study. That if *they* were blest with an Income equal to *his*, the Law might go to the Devil before they would perplex their Brains about it. That it was only for Men of no Fortunes, to apply themselves to a Science which, in forty or fifty Years Time, perhaps, might turn to some little Account. That, he who could support himself genteely without assuming the Gown, should mix in brilliant

liant Assemblies, visit *Paris*, list in the *Beau-Monde*, and taste the Joys of Life.

Although my Friend *William* was so firmly intrenched within the Muniments of Sense and Reason, that he made a stout Resistance for some time to these Assailants; yet his youthful Passions, and the Dread of being laughed at, (by a Parcel of Fools) at length got the better of his Prudence; he submitted to their Arguments, and, in a short Time, could dress, swear, scoff at Religion, bully Watchmen, scold with old Women, damn Plays, Drink, Box, and Wench with the best of them. It was after a very high Debauch one Night at a Tavern in *Covent-Garden*, that *Will*, with a formidable Body of other Heroes, sallied forth in Search of Adventures: But as no human Object happened at that late Hour to interrupt their Progress, they attacked a Range of Lamps, which being shivered, by the Prowess of their Cudgels, into various minute Particles, fell with a musical Clink on the Pavement. This Concert of broken Glass, so highly delighted our Champions, that they would have infallibly

C

made

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made a general Devastation before the Dawn of Day, had not the Noise disturbed and awakened a *sedulous Watchman* from his peaceful Slumbers, who roused up his drowsy Brethren to Action. The numerous Appearance of Staves and Lanthorns caused a momentary Cessation of Arms. But the Knights Templars observing whom they had to cope withal, and exasperated at the threatned Opposition of so contemptible a Foe, attacked, one and all, the hoary Squadron.

These courageous Veterans received the Onset in good Order, and, in a little Time, but not till after the Prostration of some Six or Seven, put the hostile *Bacchanals* to the Rout. Thus vanquished, and dispersed, each betook him to a Place of Safety. As for *Will*, he rambled carelessly along the *Strand*, and passing by a narrow Alley, heard the Lamentations of some Female, uttered in a very distressfull Tone of Voice. He reeled towards the Place, and there discovered one of these Guardians of the Midnight-Peace, dragging, with inexorable Cruelty, a Girl
about

about sixteen Years of Age, from a friendly Shed, under which she had screened herself from the inclement Air. Enraged at the Spectacle, *Will* felled him in an Instant to the Earth, and, taking the Damsel under his Protection, made shift to reach his Chambers very well satisfied with the Exploit.— Her Dress, like the Fig-leaf of *Eve*, was barely sufficient to cover her; but yet, the Disguise of Rags and Dirt, could not conceal from his View a Person formed with exquisite Beauty.— When she had taken some Refreshment (for it seems she had not tasted a Morsel for two Days before) he very politely intreated to hear the Story of her Misfortunes; she could not, after so generous Behaviour, but comply with his Request. The Sum of her Narrative was: “ She was the
“ Daughter of a Country Clergyman,
“ and had been genteely educated, but
“ her Parents dying, she fell under the
“ Care of a Justice of the Quorum,
“ who first debauched her, under Promise of Marriage, and afterwards
“ committed her to a Prison; where,
“ after languishing for some Time, the
C 2 “ Jailor,

“ Jailor, for certain Considerations (not
 “ decent to mention) favoured her Es-
 “ cape. That she had since endured
 “ innumerable Hardships, as the just
 “ Punishment for violated Virtue ; and
 “ that, now, she ardently wished for
 “ Death to fix a Period to her Misery.”

Young *William* was of too compassi-
 onate a Mould, not to be touched at
 the Recital. In short, he cloathed her
 with great Expence ; and, having got
 the better of her Scruples, they lived
 together in the fashionable Way. After
 two Years Cohabitation, *Will* became
 so doatingly enamoured, that he set-
 tled an Annuity of two hundred Pounds
per Annum upon her for Life. Shortly
 after this Piece of Liberality, he took
 into his Service, a *French* Valet, a Fel-
 low the most profligate in his Morals,
 but of a genteel Address, and extreamly
 well qualified for the Business of Hair-
 dressing. From his first Admission into
 this Place, the ungrateful Varlet deter-
 mined to carry on an Amour with his
 young Lady : He flattered, cringed,
 and, in short, exerted all the Tricks
 of *French* Gallantry with so good Effect,
 that his Treachery at length, but not
 till

till after frequent Repulses, met with Success. The Nymph consented to his Wishes, and they planned a Scheme for taking a Trip to *Paris*.—*Will* had an Uncle, in a distant County, upon whose Decease he depended for an Accession to his Fortune. They forged a Letter, as from the Steward of the old Gentleman, acquainting him, “ that
“ his Uncle was suddenly taken speech-
“ less, and it was feared could hardly
“ survive till his Arrival from Town ;
“ and therefore requested him to come
“ with all Expedition.” Poor unsuspecting *William* fell into the Trap. He instantly set out Post, and Monsieur *Frizzeaux*, who had shammed Sickness, was the only Person left behind with his Mistress. They embraced this favourable Occasion, and, stripping the Chambers of every Thing valuable, took Passage on board a Vessel then ready to sail for *Calais*, and escaped with Security. The deluded *William*, you may imagine, was extremely disconcerted at finding his dying Uncle in very good Health ; but much more so, when, a Day or two afterwards,

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he received a Scrawl from his Landlady to this Effect :

„ Onnor'd Sur,

“ **T**HESE is toe let you noe,
“ thatt Mestress and *Furdynmand*
“ is runn awa togethur, weth awl tha
“ Purtenances, and left naught behind
“ 'um, butt tha Bear Wanscut, Bedd,
“ and a vew uther Matturs. Soe no
“ moor

“ *at prasent vrom,*

“ *your Sarvant toe Cumaund,*

“ NANNY PIPKIN.”

He could not conceal his Mortification, Grief, and Anger from his Uncle, but frankly confessed the whole Affair. The old Gentleman told him,
“ he was rightly served, for reposing any
“ Trust in a Prostitute, and a *Frenchman*,
“ both of which he might well have
“ imagined would be sure to abuse his
“ Confidence ; and that he hoped this
“ Accident would make him resolve never
“ to have any Thing to do with one or
“ the other for the future. That, how-
ever,

“ ever, he would take Care to bequeath
 “ his Fortune to one, who had not been
 “ a Dupe to either.” Old *Testy* was as
 good as his Word, for he immediately
 altered his Testament in favour of
Will’s younger Brother. *Billy* having
 thus lost a fine Estate, and gained no-
 thing but the Displeasure of his Uncle,
 and a nameless Favour, which his false
 Mistress had intailed upon him, was
 left to bewail at Leisure his foolish
 Credulity. He has, nevertheless, paid
 a due Regard to his Uncle’s Remon-
 strance ; and, as I understand, devised
 several Schemes for expelling the whole
 Posse of *French* Servants and *French*
Diseases from among us ; but his Zeal
 has met with very little Success hitherto,
 so well established are they in the Fa-
 vour of those who have *Power*, but
 not *Inclination* sufficient to compass this
 desirable End. Mr. *Cobham* had just
 finished his Remarks, when the Horo-
 loge upon the Stair-Case struck Ten.
 This was the usual Summons to Even-
 ing Prayer. All the Family assembled
 in the great Hall, where himself offici-
 ated as Chaplain ; after which the good
 Company withdrew to their Repose :

In which I shall leave them a-while,
being inclined to dose a little myself.

C H A P. IV.

*What dread Effects from trivial Causes rise,
I sing.*

HOW various are the Benefits which Sleep dispenses to mortal Man! It is this invigorates the Toil-tired Labourer, and he prefers it to all cordial Restoratives whatever, except his favourite Gin. — It is Sleep, which relieves from Thought and Care the miserable Debauchee, whilst, exigent and diseased from Head to Foot, he snores supinely in a Spunging-House, too soon about to prove the happy Effects of Abstinence, Patience, and Reflection; three Virtues which he never once dreamt of before. — Buried in this, the Criminals of every Denomination awhile forego the Tortures of their Guilt, and hear not the thundering Voice of Conscience, Creditors, or Bailiffs; and, intoxicated with the sweet Oblivion, the condemned Malefactor remembers not he is to die To-morrow — but of all
People,

People, your Authors are not least obliged to own its kind-compelling Influence; and Experience has taught them that nothing can be more proper to close a Chapter withall, than a seasonable Nap. I have been informed, that the Writings of a very notorious Scribbler, an *Acad. Reg. Burdig. Soc.* being applied in a moderate Quantity to the Temple of a Patient of his, who laboured under an absolute *Exupnia*, or want of Sleep, proved more effectual than a large Dose of *Laudanum* which he had swallowed a little before to no Purpose. For he had no sooner proceeded half the Length of a Page, but the Doctor's *Essay* dropt from his Hands, his Eye-lids closed, and down he sunk into a gentle Slumber. Nay, the Doctor himself, by too frequent a Perusal of his own Works, has fallen into a most incurable Lethargy; and wrote and read himself into so profound a Fit of *Dreaming*, that it is not expected he will be thoroughly awake before the general Resurrection——Sorry should I be, if any of my Readers should experience the same Effects from these my Lucubrations. I have, indeed, the Va-

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nity to think the Ingredients are not so strongly tinctured with the Elixir of *Lethe*, as the abovementioned Gentleman's: However, to prevent Accidents, let me advise ye, my good Friends, if, after travelling through half a dozen Pages, you find your Senses gradually declining into a heavy Torpitude, halt directly, and advance not a Step further, without the Sleep-repelling Aid of Tea or Coffee. But I trust you will be able to pass from Stage to Stage, without having recourse to the Tea-pot, by Way of Medicine; and, to prevent an excessive Fatigue, which might in all likelihood ensue from a continued, unremitted Gradation, I have chosen, in Deference to the Practice of other able and experienced Novel-Wrights, to divide this Work into a convenient Number of Chapters; so that you may either bate and refresh yourselves *ad libitum*, or pursue your Course without Interruption.

*Now, like a Lobster boil'd, the Morn
From black to red began to turn,*

And *Phæbus*, having just risen from
Tbetis' Embrace, slipped off his Night-
cap,

cap, washed his ruddy Cheeks in the oriental Water, and, darting his beamy Radiance full on the Face of Mr. *Cobham*, awakened him from downy Repose. The first Object that to his opened Eye itself presented, was his Man *Thomas*, who, standing near the Bed-side, presented a Letter to his Master, the Perusal of which had a surprizing Effect on his Animal Œconomy. His Heart beat with double Violence, the Circulation of his Blood was carried on with unusual Rapidity, his Checks glowed with Rage, his Nostrils expanded wide, his Teeth fell barbarously on his nether Lip, and gnawed it without Mercy; in short, his whole Visage was distorted with such terrible Convulsions, that *Thomas*, conjecturing from all these Phænomena, his Master was seized with a Fit, made the best of his Way out of the Room, and running into the Kitchen, where his Fellow-Servants were assembled over a joyous Collation of roast Beef, snatched up a Pail of Water, and returned with incredible Speed to the Apartment above Stairs; where, being arrived, he immediately bestowed the Contents of the
Pail

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Pail, with great Profusion, on the Head and Face of his entranced Master. Such a plentiful Deluge of cold Element, roused him at once from his profound Reverie; he started instantly into the free and vigorous Use of his Limbs, and grasping a certain Utenfil, brimfull of a certain Liquor, made a very uncomfortable Return for the Diligence of his trusty Valet. By this Time, the precipitate Entrance of *Thomas* into the Kitchen, the Fall of Water upon the Stairs, and the repeated Cries of Master and Man above, had alarmed the Servants, and brought them all together with one Accord to Mr. *Cobham's* Chamber, where they beheld him, with uplifted Hand, brandishing a Slipper; at his Feet was *Tom*, with copious Streams descending from his Beard even down to the Skirts of his Cloathing, endeavouring with suppliant Posture to avert the tremendous Blow that seemed to threaten him. All around were dispersed the shivered Fragments of the unfortunate Urinal. From his Knees, two Streams of different Tincture, *this* glist'ning, like the River *Pactolus*, with the Colour of Gold; *that* flowing pure
and

and limpid, as the silver *Isis* derived their Course, and, after wandring in various Meanders, met at length in a Point, and rolled in one great Channel towards the Chamber Door. Matters were in this Situation, when Mrs. *Cobham*, who from all the mighty Pother in the upper Regions of her House imagined nothing less than some terrible Misfortune had befallen her Lord and Master, hastned to the Room; but when she beheld him in that Pickle, it was with great Difficulty she checkt the Efforts of her risible Muscles. Compassion, however, at last got the better of Ridicule, and, dismissing the Servants, she ordered a clean Shirt to be well aired for Mr. *Cobham*, and then retired to learn from *Thomas* the Particulars of this Affair—
Aun't please ye, Maum, says *Tom*, I brought up a Letter to Maister, and to be sure it scared me out of my seven Senses; for doubtless, Maum, there was something mainly bad in that Letter; for as sure as you be alive, Maum, Maister had no sooner 'gan to read it, but his Checks swelled up like a blown Bladder, and his Eyes rolled and goggled like *Punch's*, that was shewn in our
great

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great Barn, t'other Day; so seeing Maister, Maum, in such a fearful Agony, who knows, quoth I, but this may be a what-dy'e-call-em — Appleplexity Fit, and Maister may be dead, as who should say, in the Twinkling of a Broomstick? — Whereby, Maum, I ran and vetch'd a Pail of Water, to vetch his Wits again. And, Ecod, I believe, he fancied me in a Fit too, for I had hardly emptied it on his Head, but he jump't up in a woundy Haste, and baptized me so handsomly from Head to Foot, with the Jordan, that before *George*, I ha'nt a dry Thread upon my Body. — *Tom* had just finish'd his Account, when the Bell, with repeated Vibrations, loudly summoned him to his Master's Dressing-Room, whither he hasten'd instantly, tho' not without much Fear and Trembling. — Mrs. *Cobbam* was never in greater Perplexity — she ruminated on what the Purport of this Letter could be, which had worked the terrible Effects related by *Tom*. — A thousand Things occurred to her troubled Fancy; and, after Variety of Suggestions, she concluded that nothing less than the Death of some very near Relation must have thrown him into such violent

violent Commotion. Who this Relation should be, she could not devise; and, tho' her Curiosity was elevated to the highest Pitch, she determined to wait with Patience for an Explanation till Breakfast-time; and mine, as *Susan* informs me, being just now ready, I beg the Reader's Permission to pause awhile, till this important Matter is over.

C H A P. V.

*Do not we just Abhorrence find
Against the Toad and Serpent-kind?
But Envy, Calumny, and Spite,
Bear stronger Venom in their Bite.*

I Resume my Pen, Mr. Reader, to acquaint you, that Mrs. *Cobham* went immediately after we parted with her, to officiate at the Tea-Table. Upon entring the Palour, she found her Daughter, the fair *Sophia*, not idly gazing at the Fire, biting her Nails, or adjusting her Person at the Glass, but attentive to her favourite Author *the Spectator*, and so deeply engaged had she been, with the facetious *Will Honeycomb*, and Sir *Roger de Coverley*,
that

that she was an utter Stranger to what had passed above Stairs; but upon the Appearance of her Mother, she laid aside her Book, and rose to pay her the Morning Compliments; which, being mutually exchanged, Mrs. Cobham seated herself at Table, but discovered at the same time such evident Marks of Uneasiness in her Countenance, as could not but be visible to the penetrating Eye of her Daughter, who remarked her Anxiety, and strove by innocent Prattle to draw her Mother into Conversation, which she imagined would timeously relieve her from the Concern that seemed to depress her Spirits. Among other Chit-chat she observed, that Tea was a Beverage she had been an entire Stranger to at the Boarding-School, where it was not tolerated amongst the young Ladies. The Reason of which she could not conceive. Your Mistress, replied her Mother, might possibly think it prejudicial to the delicate Nerves and Spirits of Girls so young as you, which, I have observed, is the Opinion of a great many, who, like her, are not only responsible for
the

the Morals, but the Health of their Pupils.

I agree with those who think it hurtful only in its Excess, for undoubtedly the immoderate Use of it may be attended with pernicious Effects to the Constitution. But the weightiest Objection, which in my Opinion has been brought against it, is this, that it is a most extravagant Consumer of Time and Reputation, both which it is said to prey upon, and demolish without Remorse. I'm very sensible the Truth of this is evidenced on too many Occasions, and I'm equally convinced, that if the Tea-Table was put under proper Regulations, it would deserve the highest Encomiums.—Especially, Madam, inferred *Sophia*, if you would please to consider it only as the Means of convening a select Party together, all prepared to entertain each other with useful Conversation; such Conversation I mean, as, instead of those insipid Repartees, idle Descants upon Fashions, Chariots, and Lap-dogs, and impious Butchery of Characters, which are generally introduced with the Tea-kettle, should

should communicate Good-Sense with true Humour, and mingle Pleasure with Improvement. In such a Case, Madam, every one must allow, that it would be not only an agreeable, but even a laudable Method of spending Time.— My Dear, replied Mrs. *Cobham*, I perfectly acquiesce with your Notions, and as I can scarcely suppose, that half a Dozen Creatures, endued with Reason, would confabulate together for an Hour or two without some Advantage to each other, be it in ever so trifling a Degree, I cannot but admit it upon such Terms, to be innocent enough; I'm certain it is beyond Comparison much more so than Gaming, to which not only Time and Reputation, but Health, Beauty, Chearfulness, nay, even Husbands, Wives, Children, and every thing that's dear and valuable are devoted Victims.— I never heard, that a Woman lost her Honour or her Fortune by Tea-drinking; and as for the Objection of its being the Parent to Scandal and Defamation, 'tis certain, that Persons and Characters have no better Chance for escaping Censure at the Tea-Table, than in any other Party. And as it
cannot

cannot be the meer sipping of warm Water, that sets Slander afloat, so no Reflection should fall on this Account upon Tea, which is so far from containing the Seeds of Detraction in its essential Properties, that it is generally allowed to be the Promoter of Chearfulness and Good-Humour. Perhaps, it may operate as an Emetic on some evil-constituted Minds, and discharge all their virulent splenetic Humours at the Mouth. However it be, I could wish to see Scandal exiled not only from the Tea-Table, but every other polite Assembly. Don't you think therefore, Madam, says *Sophia*, that in order to rescue the Tea-Table from that Infamy it labours under at present, it would be proper that a System of Tea-Table Laws should be contrived, something like the Rules which you told me some time ago, are to be found in the Pump-Room at *Bath*? I should be extremely glad, my Dear, (returned Mrs. *Cobham*, with a Smile) to see a Body of such Statutes enacted by Parliamentary Authority, and carried into immediate Execution, by universal Vote of my Countrywomen. Two of the *Bath* Rules,

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Rules, I think, might very aptly be introduced among others.

1. That all Whisperers of Lies and Scandal be taken for their Authors.

2. That all Repeaters of Lies and Scandal be shunned by all Company, except such as have been guilty of the same Crime.

I know nothing that effectually opposes the Banishment of this Harpy, but the immoderate Delight too many of my Sex enjoy, in hearing other Females ill-spoken of. They are apt, perhaps, to fancy, that whatever they detract from the Merit of another, is added to their own Stock. This mistaken Notion argues a Littleness of Spirit, and must proceed as well from a weak Head, as a bad Heart. But I would have the whole Republic of these Female Murderers made acquainted with a Maxim founded on the Basis of Truth and Experience, (*viz.*) “ That
“ whatever Woman makes a Custom of
“ speaking to the Disadvantage of others,
“ may depend on never hearing any
“ Good

“ Good of herself.” At the Conclusion of Mrs. *Cobham*’s last Sentiments upon this weighty Subject, her Spouse, equipped with Boots, Spurs and Whip, made his Appearance. These travelling Accoutrements not a little startled Mrs. *Cobham*, aggravated her Perplexity, and made her still more curious to learn the mysterious Contents of the Letter he had received that Morning. Whilst her Thoughts were busied upon this Matter; my Dear, says *Harry*, I am subpœnaed to Town upon indispensable Business. I don’t know how long it may detain me there. I would therefore have you take *Sophy* in the mean time, after she is decently cloathed, to visit her Aunt in *Wiltshire*, who I dare say will press you both to spend three Weeks or a Month with her; at the Expiration of which, ’tis not unlikely I may think of returning. Sir, answered Mrs. *Cobham*, it will ever be my Pride to pay a due Respect and Defe-
rence to your Requests or Commands; and my Daughter, I believe, impatiently longs to embrace her Aunt. But pardon me, if I cannot help being uneasy at your sudden Departure, and tremble
to

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to think what the Occasion of it may be. I know your Tenderness for me would oblige you to conceal any Piece of News you suspected would give me Concern, but I fear the worst; no Accident I hope has befallen any of our Relations or Friends? No, replied Mr. *Cobham*, no Accident, my Dear, has happened. Don't frighten yourself without Reason, to be sure it is somewhat extraordinary, but perhaps may not be true. The Calamity, if any befalls, will be general, it won't particularly affect our Family. But don't be under any Apprehension, for, I doubt not, but under Providence all will yet be well. With such disjointed Sentences did Mr. *Cobham* endeavour to lessen her Perturbation, which, instead of answering that Purpose, rather served to augment them more. However, as he chose not to be more explicit on the Subject, Mrs. *Cobham* forbore to press him with any further Questions, and after Breakfast, being informed that his Horse was in waiting, he bid a tender Farewell to the two Ladies, and hastened to depart. Mrs. *Cobham* attended him to the Gate with
the

the utmost Dejection ; for altho' what he had told her, had somewhat mitigated her Fears, with respect to her Relations, yet her total Incertitude as to the Motive of his Journey, gave her inconceivable Torment. After Mr. *Cobham* was out of Sight, which happened very soon, as he put forward at a violent Rate, she was returning disconsolate and brimfull of Care, with her Eyes fixed to the Ground, when on the Hall Pavement she descried a Letter opened, and snatching it up, she perused, with no small Degree of Amazement, the Contents, which my Readers may find in the ensuing Chapter.

C H A P. VI.

*Great Actions are not always true Sons
Of great and mighty Resolutions :
Nor do the bold'st Attempts bring forth
Events, still equal to their Worth ;
But sometimes fail, and in their Stead,
A Gibbet or a Jail succeed.* HUB.

“ MR. PRESIDENT,

“ CERTAIN Intelligence has
“ been received, that our insidious
“ Enemy the *French*, are making Pre-
“ parations to invade some Quarter of
“ this Island. The *Pretender* has mar-
“ ried a Princess of the Blood in *France*,
“ and is strongly apprehended to be *in-*
“ *cognito* in *Scotland*, with a View to fa-
“ vour the Descent, as Occasion may
“ suit, and revive his Claim to the Scep-
“ tre of this Realm. Several suspicious
“ Persons, supposed to be his Emissaries,
“ are reported to lurk about this City,
“ with Design, no doubt, to propagate
“ Sedition. The Government is alarm-
“ ed, and on the Point of detaching se-
“ veral Regiments to guard the Coasts
of

“ of *Suffex*, and your County of *Kent*.
“ The Press for Sea and Land-men,
“ grows hot. Nothing is to be heard
“ but the Voice of War. We have lost
“ our *North-American* Colonies. *Brad-*
“ *dock* and all our Forces are cut to
“ Pieces; so that 'tis thought, if the
“ *French* should find Means to gain
“ the *Cherokees* over to their Interest,
“ as they have already done by the
“ *Iroquois*, then (notwithstanding the
“ *Kutawbabs* and *Cbikesaws*, should
“ still continue our very good Friends)
“ 'tis most probable, they will soon
“ after be joined by the *Creeks*, the
“ *Twightwies*, the *Micmacs*, and the
“ *Shawnese*; and the Consequence of
“ such a Junction it is easy to foresee,
“ will be, the total Loss of our Settle-
“ ments in that Part of the World.
“ As to *Old England*, the Invasion,
“ it's whispered, is to be under the Con-
“ duct of the Duke *de Richlieu*, the
“ Prince *de Soubise*, and the Marshal
“ *de Bellisle*. In Consequence of these
“ Advices, the *Britwychnodmrion* So-
“ ciety are assembling. Your Attend-
“ ance, as President, is required on this
“ critical Conjunction, that we may
D “ enter

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“ enter upon proper Measures, as well
“ for our own Security, as the general
“ Good of the whole Nation. I have
“ a Bed, as usual, at your Service, and
“ am,

“ S I R,

“ *Your Brother Briton,*

“ *and Humble Servant,*

“ TIMOTHY CUTBERD.”

Sec. to the Society.

Good Heavens! exclaimed Mrs. *Cobham*, what Stuff is here! And was this Intelligence capable of affecting my Husband in so extraordinary a Manner! — Poor Gentleman! — Infatuated with Politics, he leaves his Family, to mix with a Set of base designing Wretches, who, taking Advantage of his Foible, will prey upon the small Remains of his Fortune! Mrs. *Cobham* had proceeded thus far in her Soliloquy e'er she observed her Daughter close beside her, and attentively listening to it.

it.—Addressing herself therefore to her, *Sophy*, says she, I have inadvertently let you into a Secret, I would not chuse should be known to any one else in this Parish; I mean, the Occasion of your Father's abrupt Departure, which if it should be discovered, I doubt not would give Birth to much Speculation in the Neighbourhood. It would therefore be proper to conceal the real Cause of his Absence, since if this was made public, it would be the Means of drawing upon him the Censure and Ridicule of the whole County.—He is so unfortunate as to be a little mistaken in his Notions of Patriotism.—If ever it could happen that his Presence was necessary in the Field, or his Advice in the Cabinet (which I scarcely think possible, as there are so many abler Heads and Hands for that Purpose) I should in such Case, esteem it a Duty incumbent upon him, to take up Arms against the common Enemy, to assist with his Council, and devote his Fortune, Family, or Life to his Country's Benefit.—The Writer of this Letter is by Trade a Barber, but his chief Profession (for I have enquired strictly into

his Character, tho' I durst not own as much to your Father) is that of a downright Sharper. I have strong Reasons to suspect the rest of this worshipful Society are as errant Knaves as *Cutberd*, and colleagued with him to make a Property of my Husband.—But pray, Madam, interrupted *Sophia*, what can induce him to associate with a Set of such Villains, or make him blind to their true Character? Nothing, I believe, replied Mrs. *Cobham*, but his own extravagant Ideas of Patriotism, the paltry Gratification of being elected President, receiving high Encomiums for his Heroism, and the Persuasion that all of them are as indefatigable and anxious as himself, to extirpate the *French* from the very Face of the Earth, and raise the *British* Fame to a higher Point of Eminence, than it ever yet arrived at.—That we have great Reason to dread the Consequence of this Journey to *London*, I shall leave you to judge, when I have imparted some Particulars of your Father's Life, which you have never yet been made acquainted with.—You must know, my Dear, that in the late Rebellion, he was inveigled by this
very

very same Party, to join in a private Expedition against the *Pretender*.

In Consideration of his supporting it at his own entire Expence, he was honoured with the Command in Chief. — They were all cloathed and armed out of his Coffers, and being provided with Horses by the same Means, they set out together for the North of *England*. Upon their reaching the Town of *Asbburn*, they learnt that the *Pretender* was just arrived with his Army at *Derby*, about Ten Miles distant from them. Upon this, they held a Consultation, and agreed, they should leave their Horses at *Asbburn*, and march directly for *Keidelfton*, whence they should set forward the next Evening, and at dead of Night, steal privately into *Derby*. When these Preliminaries should once be accomplished, they proposed mixing with the Rebel Army, and find some lucky Opportunity of being near the Chevalier's Person, to put an End to his Life, and the Rebellion at one Stroke. But as their going in so large a Body, would afford Cause of Distrust, and defeat their Measures, it was thought

prudent they should separate, and, by taking different Routs, drop unsuspectedly one by one into the Town.—My Husband readily came into the Plot.—He amused himself with the Reflection, that if Success attended this Enterprize, it would perpetuate their Fame to Eternity ; and if they failed, or worse should happen, it would at least be said, the Attempt was great and daring, and their Fall glorious.

About Midnight, as had been agreed on, they left *Keidleston*, and proceeding till they came to a Place, where the Road parted into three Branches, each of which led to different Avenues of the Town, made a Halt. There they swore to be faithful and secret, and, after wishing each other a happy Meeting, they struck into separate Tracts. *Cutberd*, by particular Desire, attended Mr. *Cobham*. As for the others, instead of keeping on to *Derby*, they returned immediately by well-known Ways to *Asbburn*, where they disposed of my Husband's Horse, and some other Effects he had left behind him, and, dividing the Profits, hastened back to *London*.

don. But this is a Circumstance my Husband would never give Credit to, as they had found Means afterwards, to palliate and excuse their Conduct to his Satisfaction. The two Heroes being thus left to pursue their Operations by themselves, travelled on with great Expedition. It was near Day-break, and they had approached within a Mile and half of *Derby*, when on a sudden they were alarmed with a confused Number of Voices, that seemed to proceed from a small Distance, and presently after several Persons on Horseback came in Sight. These were a Gang of straggling *Highlanders*, who, under favour of the Night, had surprized and plundered some Farm-houses in the Neighbourhood, and were now on their Return to *Derby* with the Spoil.

It was not long e'er the foremost of the Party discerned our Adventurers, and hallowing to his Comrades, they whipped on their Horses. — *Cutberd* saw them advancing, and exhorted my Husband to fly. — No, replied he, — if you are resolved to preserve your Life at any Rate, e'en fly, like a base-born Coward. — For my Part, I am deter-

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mined not to stir an Inch, but on this Spot, with this single Arm, will shortly give Proofs of that Valour which ennobles every true *Englishman*, and teaches him, that to die for one's Country is sweet and glorious.—I grant, Sir, said *Cutberd*, that to die for one's Country is very heroic ; but, I trust it is still more heroic to live for it. Self-Preservation is no Principle of Cowardice, but founded on the moral Dictates of Prudence. And therefore if, notwithstanding my Advice, you chuse to stay here and perish, I'll e'en make the best of my Way from Danger, before it's too late — This recalls to my Memory that droll Observation of the Poet,

*That timely Running's no small Part
Of Conduct, in the martial Art :
It saves th' Expence of Time and Pains,
And dang'rous beating out of Brains,
For they that fly, may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain.*

And *Cutberd* seemed to be in the same Way of thinking, for he began to exercise his Feet with great Rapidity, but had scarcely run twenty Yards e'er the
foremost

foremost Horseman discharged his Carbine at him, which stopt his Career at once. — The *Highlander* seeing him fall down, immediately faced about, and made towards my Husband, who, Sword in Hand, stood ready for the Engagement. But, alas, what Resistance was he capable of making against a desperate *Scot*, well provided with Arms, and on Horseback too? Or, supposing he had demolished one Man, there still remained fifty more, at least, to revenge the Death of their Companion. — The Rebel advanced within a small Distance, and on Mr. *Cobham's* Refusal to surrender, fired a Pistol at him. It happened very providentially, that the Ball made only a slight Wound on his right Temple, but the Shock stunned and brought him to the Ground. Upon which, the *Highlander* dismounted, and stripping him almost naked, exchanged Cloaths. Another of his Party did the like by *Cutberd*, and, leaving the two Bodies without any Appearance of Life, they made off with their Booty. — In some time afterwards, my Husband revived, and finding his Wound but very inconsiderable, returned Thanks to the

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Divine Being, who had protected him, and put on the *Highland* Plaid, which he was not sorry they had left behind, as the Morning Air was extremely bleak. — Looking round about him, to see if the Coast was clear, he espied his old Acquaintance *Cutberd*, extended on the cold Earth. He could not refrain a Tear on this melancholly Occasion, but recovering himself, the Ways of Heaven, says he, are just, and Death even pursues the Man that flies from it. — Poor *Cutberd*! I'll leave thee there a while, till I can procure thee a decent Burial! and so saying, he marched away, full of Grief for the Disappointment of their egregious Scheme, especially the Share he had aspired to take in the Execution of it, and not a little disconsolate for *Cutberd's* Misfortune, whose untimely End, he apprehended, would be laid at his Door. In the Midst of his sorrowful Reflections, he was advanced about half Way down the easy Descent of a large Hill, (which, being covered all around with a thick Wood, except where the high Road had left an Opening, exhibited a Scene of Horror to the solitary Traveller) when
all

all on a sudden he heard the Footsteps of a human Creature behind him, and turning nimbly, discerned, with infinite Astonishment, the Figure of his Friend *Cutberd*; but with a Visage so pale and ghastly, that at first he could scarcely believe his Eyes; and, tho' not much addicted to Superstition, began to be somewhat doubtful if it was not the Ghost of his deceased Companion.—But he was soon convinced of the contrary, when the same Figure grasped him with Hands of Flesh and Blood, and panting for Breath, cried, they're coming!—Let's lose no Time,—We shall certainly be murdered again,—Run, Sir, for your Life! — He had scarce uttered these broken Accents, before a confused Multitude of Men, Women, and Children, appeared at the Distance of about a hundred Yards, near the Summit of the Hill. Some were armed with Scythes, others with Pitchforks, or Flails; in short, every one was accoutred with some kind of Weapon. They came pouring down like a Torrent, but made a Halt within a few Paces of Messieurs *Cobham* and *Cutberd*, and seemed to hold some Conference about them. After which,

which, they drew up into regular Order, and placing three or four, armed with rusty Muskets, at their Head, marched against two Men unweaponed and defenceless. At Sight of this hostile Preparation, *Cutberd*, finding it needless to attempt an Escape by running away, and fearing if he made such an Attempt, he might not be fortunate enough to elude a second Bullet, dropt upon his Knees, and supplicated, with an audible Voice, for Mercy. — Mr. *Cobham*, having reconnoitred the Enemy for some time with great Attention, began to abate of the Pannic occasioned by their first Appearance, as he found the Corps, on a nearer Survey, to be composed of Farmers, their Wives, Children, and Servants ; and, supposing them to be (as they really were) a Hue and Cry assembled in Quest of the free-booting *Highlanders*, rightly conjectured the Plaids himself and his Companion were in-sconced in, had led the Peasants to mistake them for two of the Party. He therefore waited the Event with great Composure, intending to surrender at Discretion.

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The Rustics meeting with no Opposition from either, surrounded them immediately : When they had secured their two Captives, they pinioned and tied them back to back upon one Horse, and guarding them on all Sides, proceeded in this Manner to the Town of * * * * in *Leicestershire*. Their Case was very pitiable, for they were exposed, the whole Way, to the Jeers, Witticisms, and Insults of these Clowns. — But the Recital of your Father's Misfortunes seems to affect you. However, don't be under any Concern, for he made Shift to steer through all at last. — I heartily wish, Madam, says *Sophia*, that he may not too soon entangle himself in Difficulties, from which, perhaps, he will not be so easily disengaged. — Don't let us afflict ourselves, my Dear, replied her Mother, about future Events. I leave the Care of these, and my Husband, to a superintending Providence ; and comfort myself with this Reflection, that nothing has been wanting on my Part, to wean him from his

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his Error, either by tenderest Intreaty, or most faithful Admonition (the only Arms a truly affectionate Wife is bound to exert). And if it should please Heaven to lay more Afflictions on his Head, I have at least discharged *my* Duty.— But see, my Dear, Mrs. *Homespun* is at the Door; let us proceed to Business, and afterwards, as the Morning is delightfully serene and fair, we'll divert ourselves with a Stroll into the Garden, and there resume the Tale.— And now, gentle Reader, leave we these two Ladies, to transact their private Affairs with Mrs. *Homespun*, who is just about displaying her oratorical Talents,

*On Fashion, Fancy, Colour, Light, and Shade,
With all the quaint Refinements of her Trade.*

But as it is more than probable, that was I to insert in this Place, her rhetorical Dissertation, thou would'st not enjoy so much Pleasure in the Perusal, as she felt in the Utterance of it; I have resolved to pass it over in Silence; besides, it is not for me to pry too deeply into the OEconomy of female Apparel; these are sacred and mysterious Things,

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Things, nor well adapted to the Conception of ordinary Readers; and should I begin to talk

*Of Cardinals, Pompones, and Negligees,
Of Broglie's, Bombazeens, and Sergedussoys,
Of Rasdemores, Ducapes, and Armozeens,
With Sarfenets, Poplins, Lustrings, and the
rest,*

Would not you be ready to exclaim, this is Heathen Greek, and unintelligible Jargon!

Permit me, therefore, to regale you with a Lecture of my own, upon Dress, at the Conclusion of which, if the Ladies shall have accomplished their Matters, we'll do ourselves the Honour to attend them in their Peregrination.

C H A P. VII.

*Dress is a Book, Colours are Letters fair;
The Taylor writes, and Men the Readers are.*

IT is observed by *Shakespeare*, who seems to have been perfectly versed in the Knowledge of human Nature, “ that the Apparel oft proclaims the
“ Man.”

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“Man.”—And if we will be at the Pains to examine thoroughly the Dispositions and Conduct of such Persons as fall more immediately within our Notice, at the same time exploring their Habits with a critical Eye, we shall readily give Assent to the Propriety of [this Remark, and own the strict Concatenation that subsists between the Dress and Mind of Man.

’Tis true, as that immortal Bard distinguishes, this Conformity of Apparel to Temper, is *oft*, (*not always*) visible. It is far from being an infallible Rule, because nothing is more common than for our Judgment to be misled by Appearances. And it is, in some Degree, in the Power of every one to hang out false Colours; and, by assuming a Figure he has no Pretence to, deceive the Credulity of unsuspecting Persons. But, generally speaking, no one Thing better displays the Mind’s Structure, than Dress. It is the very Mirror of Mankind, and expresses frequently their more predominant Foibles in the strongest and truest Colours; so that, if I may be allowed the Simile,

a Man may be known by his Dress, as a Tree by its Fruit.

To prove almost incontestably, that such a Connection does actually subsist, let us repair to the Stage; where we distinguish the Fop at first Sight, and before we hear him speak or spoken of: The absurd Finery, tinsel Lustre, and finical Accuracy of his Habit, betray a Levity of Mind in the Wearer, and prove that he has neglected the Culture of his better Part, for the empty Pride of adorning his Body. Upon viewing the Dress of this Animal, we pronounce him a Fop, without Hesitation.—In the same manner we discern through the Medium of Dress; the Man of formal Gravity, the giddy Coquet, the dissolute Rake, and the abandoned Strumpet; a Tincture of whose several ruling Passions runs through, marks, and discriminates their respective Habits.—There seems to be a certain Principle in us, by some called Taste, by others Fancy, which arbitrarily determines our Choice to particular Colours. And whether this proceeds from a particular Construction of our Organs of Sense, which receive, and communicate to the Soul
the

the different Impressions of Sympathy and Antipathy, upon the Sight of different Objects, I cannot determine. Nor can I assign any other Reason, why *Harry* prefers a Suit of Brown to a lighter Colour; why *Tom* is so passionately fond of Blue, or *Dick* of Green, than that a certain Correspondence depends between these *several Colours* and *their several Dispositions*. *Milton* seems to favour this Opinion, when speaking of Truth, as a Person, he calls her *white-robed* Truth, as if white Apparel indicated a Simplicity and Innocence of Soul. In the same Manner, the Poets have made White a proper Emblem of Chastity and the other Virtues. By the same Rule, Black is the unvariable Attribute of Melancholy, and a vicious Turn of Mind. And we find, that Persons of a melancholy Cast, are strangely attached to this Colour. The gloomy *Spaniards* are particularly fond of it; and it is known to be much in Vogue with Funeral-Undertakers, Physicians, elegiac Poets, desponding Lovers, Chimney-Sweepers, and all others, whom either Custom, their Occupation, or a Cloudiness

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Cloudiness of Soul has inclined to give this Colour the Preference. — Red, as the Type of Fierceness, we appropriate to those of the sanguine Complexion: 'Tis this which makes our *British* Sol-diery, and our naval Streamers so formidable to the *French*; and it is chiefly to their Vermilion Complexion, that our *British* Ladies may ascribe half the Glory of their numerous Conquests over our Sex. — Green is chiefly in wear with Gentlemen of the Turf; such, whose Souls delight in rural Scences, and who spend their happy Lives amidst the smiling Verdure of Meads and Groves. Brown has ever been the Favourite of grave Quakers, sober Cits, and superannuated Mortals. The different Mixtures of these, are assumed by such whose Tempers partake more or less of all four Complexions, the Melancholy, the Phlegmatic, the Choleric, and the Sanguine. — When a Moiety of all these is blended into the Habit of one Person, he forms a motley Appearance, and seems compounded of a strange Medley of Humours, good and bad, sour and sweet, hot and cold. And this monstrous Disparity of jarring Inclinations

Inclinations meeting in one Man, we call him — An Unaccountable ; for his Words and Actions are so discordant, perplexed, and confounded, that we do not really know what to make of him. I am the more inclined to believe that there really is such a Consent between the Externals and Internals of Mankind, from a few remarkable Instances which have come to my Knowledge, and may give this Hypothesis at least an Air of Probability.

About twelve Years ago my Acquaintance commenced with *Jack Flag-staff*, of the *Middle Temple*. He was at that time an Attorney's Clerk, and drudged on for four Years with most extraordinary Patience. Upon entering into the fifth and last Year of his Bondage, he discovered certain Denouements of a Military Genius. — The first Symptoms of a Tendency this Way, appeared very early in the Spring of his fifth Year — In *February*, he was observed to beat the Grenadier's March on every Skin of Parchment that lay in his Way; and besides,

besides, talked much of *Cæsar*, *Marlborough*, and *Charles* the XIIth. This continued without any additional Token, till *June*, when he wore his Hair, on *Sundays*, in a *Ramallie*; *July*, cock'd his Hat *a la Kevenbulla*; *Aug.* walk'd to *Hampstead* in white Splatterdashes, and black-leather Garters; *Sept.* threw aside his black Plush Breeches for a Pair of Scarlet; *Oct.* adorned his Coat with a scarlet Cape; *Nov.* made up a compleat Suit of Ditto. *Dec.* tipt his Hat with Regimental Lace; and being now enlarged from the servile Labours of the Desk, and in Possession of three Hundred Pounds, he found there remained only three Things to finish him for an Officer; and accordingly he disposed of his little Fortune in the Purchase of a Cockade, a Sword, and a Commission in the Army. As a second Instance, give me leave to mention *Dick Curricie*, bred also to the Profession of the Law, and a Cotemporary of the said Capt. *Flagstaff*. I had often the Pleasure to mark this Youth at *George's Coffee-House*. He drest every Day for four or five Years successively, and without much Variation, in a striped flannel Jacket

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Jacket and silk Handkerchief, tied with a negligent Air about his Neck, a cut Bob Wig, slouched Hat, and greasy Leather Breeches. From these Predicaments, I ventured to foretell that his Genius would one Day elevate him to a Seat, far superior (in point of Altitude) to his Lordship the High-Chancellor's. In short, *Dick* disappeared all at once, and I saw no more of him for a considerable Time; till, being obliged one rainy Morning to shelter myself in a Hack at *Charing-Cross*, I presently recollected Friend *Richard* in the Person of my Coachman. He was not a little embarrassed, when on opening the Door for me, I demanded if his Name was not *Currie*? And as he made no Scruple to confess this, and related the History of his Affairs, I learnt that he had with much Pains, much Extravagance, and much Practice, in a hired Phaeton and Four, driven himself into the despicable Occupation of a Hackney-Coachman.— Indeed it was such a one as he was amply qualified to undertake, and no one of his Brethren could have ply'd the Whip, or turned a Corner with more Dexterity.

terity. — *Bob Lightfoot* is another Genius, whose History will serve to strengthen what I have before advanced. This Gentleman was intended (by his Friends) to stand behind a Counter in the City, and pinch an honest Livelihood from *Strasburgh*, *Rappee*, and right *Virginia*; a Scheme of Life, which was chalked out for him by a wise old Uncle; who, however, was not blest with Penetration enough to discern that Nature, obstinate invincible Nature, had destined his Nephew to a very different Pursuit. His Apprenticeship was scarcely expired, when he provided himself, instead of Tobacco, with a Pair of Nankeen Breeches, a white Coat, with blue Sattin Cape and Cuffs, and sometimes a Jemmy Switch; at others, a hazle Plant, taper as a May-pole, and almost as tall, graced his Hand. His Beaver was ornamented with a Gold Button and Loops, his Legs with Stockings of the whitest Silk. His Gait was full of violent Agitation, and with the hazle Staff in his right Hand, he seemed either to be running Express with some Message of Consequence, or in eager Pursuit of Game. The latter indeed was often the Case,

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Cafe, for his favourite Amusements were Wenching and Billiards—His ill Behaviour drew upon him the Disfavour of his Uncle, and being in the End abandoned by the rest of his Relations, and despised by every Person of Credit and Reputation, he offered his Service to Sir *Flasby Rattle*, a young Baronet posselt of little Brain, but much Wealth, who received Mr. *Lightfoot* in the genteel Capacities of Valet, Company-keeper, and P—mp in ordinary.

I would not tire the Reader's Patience by too many Examples. I doubt not but his own Observations will furnish him with no inconsiderable Number. I will only take the Freedom to embellish this Chapter with one more, under the Title of *Ned Daredevil*, who distinguished himself a few Years since, as the most eminent Bruiser of his Time. His Exploits are well known to all, and have been sensibly felt by many of the Constables and Watchmen in this Metropolis. His Parents, who fondly imagined they did every thing for the best, educated this, their darling Son,

to

to the Pestle and Mortar.—But vain, alas, were their Hopes, and vain their fond Imagination. For neither the Threats nor Tears of Parents, the Remonstrance of a kind Master, nor the Force of Indentures, could prevail upon him to relish the Dispensatory. His Genius, unluckily pointed to a different Track. It was this fatal Perversity which urged him to cultivate the noble Sciences of Boxing and Buckism, under the Tuition of *Br—bton*. The Disease at first began to shew itself in his Dress, which was characterised with a lapelle Coat, scratch Wig, fierce Hat, Oak-Stick, and Buck-leather Breeches. — As *Edward the Black Prince*, of illustrious Memory, was distinguished in Battle, by the white Plume, which nodded on his Crest, our *Edward* was no less conspicuous with these warlike Habilliments in every Riot. It were an endless Labour to recite the Infinity of Kicks, Cuffs, Blows, Tweaks by the Nose, Falls, Wounds, and Bruises, which, on various Times and Occasions, he has both given and received. He was a great Admirer of wooden Wit, many notable Strokes of which he play'd

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off with his Oaken Cudgell. But happening unfortunately in the last Fracas he was engaged in, to crack a Joke of this kind with rather too much Severity on a Watchman's Skull, the affrighted Soul, thus rouzed from a leaden Slumber of Threescore Years and Ten, fled abruptly from its Seat in the Pineal Gland, to the dreary Mansions of *Pluto*. The Coroner, upon viewing the Body in this widowed Estate, called the trifling Jest that had caused this Separation, *Willful Murder*. The Judge and Jury at *Hicks's-Hall*, it seems, were such queer-thinking Mortals as to join in the same Opinion, and by Consequence our Hero was decently conducted to *Tyburn*, where he was hanged in *good Earnest*; which, tho' it must have been disagreeable enough to himself, yet may be very exemplary to his Brother Bucks, most of whom attended the Solemnity. And, if they would take Warning by his Fate, should exchange with all Speed their ridiculous Garb and ferocious Deemeanour, for mild Behaviour and Humility; and above all, not be so foolishly witty, as to *sacrifice Life to a Jest*.

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To draw this enormous Chapter to a Conclusion, I shall only further observe, that the whole Art of Dress seems folded up in that happy Expression of my Friend, *Horatius Flaccus*,

SIMPLEX MUNDITIIS.

Which Words should, in my humble Opinion, be inscribed in golden Letters on the Toilet of every Lord and Lady in *Great Britain*, who understands *Latin*; and for such as do not, the following humble Imitation may suffice,

NEATNESS WITHOUT AFFECTATION.

C H A P. VIII.

————— *A just Man cannot fear;
Not though the Malice of traducing Tongues,
The senseless Rigour of the wrested Laws,
Or the red Eyes of strain'd Authority,
Should, in a Point meet all, to take his Life;
His Innocence is Armour 'gainst all these.*

JOHNSON.

THE Ladies having just entered the Garden, let us attend their Walk, till Mrs. *Cobham* thinks proper

to pursue her Husband's Adventures. But here, Reader, I am fully aware thou may'st expect a Description of Mr. *Cobham's* Garden. A Man of so particular a Turn, must, you imagine, have planned it in a very singular Manner.

The whole Space of Ground it occupied, consisted of about an Acre and half. It was chiefly laid out in Walks, and so crowded with Oak, Elm, Fir, and Apple-Trees of our own native Growth, that there was scarce Room sufficient for a small Bed well planted with Cabbage, Potatoes, and Horseradish. Here were no Green nor Hot-Houses for Exotics; even the balmy Nectarine, the luscious Apricot, and grateful Nonpareil, (unhappy in their Names) were forbidden to wave their spreading Branches, and diffuse the Luxuriance of their autumnal Treasures. A grand Walk extended through the whole Length of the Garden. This was Mr. *Cobham's* Favourite, and chiefly on Account of a notable Contrivance which had cost him no inconsiderable Sum, and was situate in the Center.

—He

—He had caused a large circular Basin of Water to be made, in the midst of which was a Group of Figures, that need some Explanation.—*Britannia* was represented in Marble, seated on the terraqueous Globe, in the same Attitude and Habit, as expressed on our Copper Currency.—At her right Hand stood the *British* Lion, on whose Countenance a savage Fierceness, tempered with Manlike Wisdom, and awful Majesty, appeared visible. Couchant beneath his Feet, lay an Harlequin, whose variegated Coat was interspersed with a Number of *Flower-de-luces*; at a small Distance was to be seen his magic Wand broken into two Pieces. By virtue of this he was supposed, *Proteus*-like, to have transformed himself into a thousand different Shapes, and one while shifted into the crafty Fox, then assumed the fawning Spaniel, the treacherous Viper, the rapacious Wolf, and Variety of other Forms, by which he had eluded the Lion's Paw. But Vengeance at length overtakes him.—For having presumed to assault the noble Creature Wand in Hand, he with one Gripe of his Teeth, snapped the

enchanted Weapon, dissolved its Power, and reduced his vanquished Enemy to this servile Posture. He lay with uplifted Hands, as if supplicating for Mercy; whilst the generous Lion, disdain- ing to imbrue his Paws in such ignoble Blood, seemed to express the Measure of his Indignation, by p——g a Cascade of Water full on the prostrate Traitor's Face.—At the Bottom of this Center Walk, stood an Oak, venerable for its Antiquity, having survived the Storms of an Hundred and Fifty *Decembers*, and not less worthy of Celebration for the friendly Shade its pendant Arms afforded. So wide did they expand on all Sides, that, to compare great Things with small, when a large Company were met underneath, to enjoy in the sultry Dog-days a cooler and more temperate Air, they looked like new-hatched Eaglets sheltered beneath the Expanse of their Mother's tutelary Wing.—If, as some Philosophers assure us, there be such a Thing among Trees, as Title and Preheminence, I doubt not but this was the Cham, or great Emperor of all the *Sylvan* Domain.

Jove's

————— Jove's own Tree,
That holds the Woods in awful Sovereignty.
Full in the Midst of his own Strength he
 stands,
Stretching his brawny Arms and leafy Hands, }
His Shade protects the Plains, his Head }
 the Hills commands.
Not proud Olympus yields a nobler Sight,
Though Gods assembled, grace his tow'ring
 Height.

Mr. Cobham was as regular every Morning, if the Weather permitted, in his Visit to this majestic Tree, as *Tom Camelion* the Poet, at Lord *Starve-wit's* Levee; for a convenient Bench was placed at the Foot, and it gave the old Gentleman inconceivable Pleasure to sit and contemplate in the overgrown-Trunk, and glandiferous Branches of the Oak, future Navies carrying the Terror of their Thunders from Pole to Pole, and adding fresh Honours and Conquests to the *British* Flag. It was here Mrs. Cobham, and her fair Daughter, reposing after their Walk, the former resumed her Relation, as follows.

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They had scarce entered the Town,
but a numerous Mob got together to
know who they were; and

*Fame, the loose Breathings of a clam'rous
Croud,*

Ever in Lies most confident and loud,

Spread a current Report, that the *Pre-
tender* and the Duke of *Perth* were
taken Prisoners, and brought to Town.—
Upon this Advice, the Mayor and
Burgesses met in the *Guildball*, and the
Captives were ordered to be brought
before them for Examination. Several
of the Country Fellows being inter-
rogated, declared Point Blank, (in Hopes
of a considerable Reward) that having
the preceding Night been attacked and
plundered by a Party of *Higlanders*,
they had raised the whole Village, and
joined in Pursuit of them: That on the
subsequent Morning, they came up
with the whole Body, which they sup-
posed consisted of about five hundred
Men, whom they had engaged, put to the
Rout, left twenty slain upon the Field
of Battle, and taken their two Leaders
Prisoners; and hoped, their Worships
the

the Mayor and his Brethren of the Corporation would give them the Reward, which so signal a Defeat entitled them to. — His Worship highly extolled their Bravery, and promised not only to give the accustomed Premium, but to set on foot a Subscription amongst the principal Inhabitants of the Town, by way of Satisfaction for the Damage they had sustained, and as an Encouragement for them to behave with the same Resolution on any future Occasion ; and further he assured them, that as they had given so manifest a Proof of their Loyalty and Attachment to his Majesty, they should be severally recommended to his gracious Favour and Notice. — Mr *Brawn*, the Constable, was immediately dispatched with Orders, to set all the Bells in Town a ringing, to provide a large Bonfire, an Hogshead of Ale for the Populace ; and, lastly, to bespeak an elegant Entertainment for the Members of the Bench upon this joyful Occurrence. — And nothing now remained, but to question the Prisoners, which Mr. *Toby Ruthless*, one of the Alderman objected to, as an unnecessary

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fary Trouble. For, quoth he, “Rebels, Mr. Mayor, and Traytors to their Country, should have neither Mercy nor Quarter allowed them, and was I King of *England*, I would tie them both up without Judge or Jury.”

The Mayor approved in some measure of his Brother's Award; but being inclined, as well to shew the Lenity of his Disposition, as to display his Authority and Eloquence, insisted they should be admitted to make some Defence; and therefore “Harkee, Slubberdegullions, says he, with your lousy Plaids there; who are ye? Whence came ye? And what Reason can ye alledge, why Sentence of Imprisonment may not pass upon ye? Speak to me Traytors. I am his Majesty's Representative, therefore I command and enjoin you to declare, without Prevarication, or mental Reservation, all that ye know touching this Matter.”

My Husband paid him all due Submission, and detailed every Circumstance

stance, as their Design to assassinate the Pretender, their meeting with the Highland Party; and in short, every Particular of their Adventures when he had finished, the Bench were unanimous in their Opinion, that it was the most hyperbolical Story they had ever heard. — That a Gentleman of Family and Fortune, as he pretended to be, should engage in such a chimerical Undertaking, was inconsistent with Reason and Common Sense to suppose. And it appeared to them so errant a Piece of Quixotism, that if really true which was a dubitable Point, they ought to be committed to *Bedlam* for a Couple of Lunatics. — The Mayor then addressed himself to his Brethren in a tedious Harangue, which tended to prove, “ that
“ their Defence, was altogether a
“ fictitious Device; that the Testi-
“ mony of so many Country Fellows
“ was sufficient to subvert their ill-con-
“ certed Story; in short, that they
“ could not, at that Juncture, demon-
“ strate their Affection to his Majesty
“ more strongly, or serve him more ef-
“ fectually, than by hanging two of
“ his rebellious Subjects *in Terrorem*.

“ to

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“ to the rest. That, for his Part, he
 “ would not only write to the Secretary
 “ of State, but use his utmost Influence
 “ with Judge and Jury at the Assizes
 “ (which were to be held in a short
 “ time) to effect this Purpose.” — The
 Prisoners upon this were ordered into
 close Confinement, apart from the
 others Felons, in the Town Goal; and
 a strong Guard set over them, as well
 to prevent their escaping, as to hinder
 any Access to them from the Town’s
 People, many of whom resorted out of
 Curiosity, to see the Rebel Chiefs, as
 as they were reported to be. — Think my
 Dear, on the miserable Situation your
 Father was in at this time; chained to
 the Floor in a loathsome Dungeon,
 and fed on Bread and Water, with
 no one to sympathise with him but *Cut-*
berd who, instead of mixing his Con-
 dolance, imprecated a thousand Curses
 on my Husband, for being the Cause,
 as he said, of bringing him to an igno-
 minious Death. Your Father, consci-
 ous of his Innocence, bore all the bitter
 Taunts of his Fellow-Prisoner with
 great Serenity. What most afflicted
 him was, that as nothing he could urge
 would

would at all invalidate the Countrymens Allegations; so, being denied the Use of Pen, Ink, and Paper, he was not at Liberty to write to several Gentlemen of his Acquaintance in this County, who would gladly have been responsible for his Innocence. He therefore looked forward on his approaching Fate with Content, having as he thought one Consolation with him, that he had brought himself into this Dilemma, by honestly discharging the Duty he owed to his Sovereign: And, as he had no Hopes of extricating himself from this Labyrinth of Distress, he determined to resign without Murmur to the dispensation of Providence, which always espouses the Cause of wronged Integrity. At length the Day of Judgment arrived. The Prisoners were conducted to their Trial, the Court was thronged with Spectators, and *Cutberd* being called upon first to hold up his Hand at the Bar, pleaded, *Not Guilty*. But the Countrymens Evidence was so strong and coherent against him, that my Lord gave it to the Jury as his Opinion, they might safely find him guilty.

C H A P. IX.

*It often falls, as here it erst befell,
That mortal Foes are changed to faithful Friends ;
For Enmity, that of no Ill proceeds,
But of the Occasion, with the Occasion ends.*

SPENCER.

POOOR *Cutberd* was taken away more dead than alive ; and indeed from his first Summons, the awful Appearance of the Court, the horrid Perjury of the Witnesses, and the Fear of Condemnation, so wrought upon his Faculties, that he had not the Power of Speech ; nor could he, though often called upon, offer one Syllable in his Defence. *Mr. Cobham* then stood up, and being unconscious of the Crime charged upon him, was unappaled with Fear. He boldly denied every Fact the Witnesses endeavoured to prove against him ; and, in short, the Jury began to entertain a more favourable Opinion of their Cause than before, which the Impeachers observed, and resolving to stick at nothing, in order

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to screen their Villainy from Detection, one of them positively affirmed that the Prisoner at the Bar was at the Head of a Gang of Highlanders who broke *per* Force into his House at Midnight; that by the Light of a Candle then burning in his Room, he could plainly discern the Prisoner's Face. He went on to declare upon Oath, that the Prisoner at the Bar, came himself to his Bed-side, hauled him out on the Floor, and there would have murdered him had not the other Confederates interposed, and forced him with much Difficulty to be content with gagging and binding him to the Bed-Posts. He said he recollected every Feature in the Prisoner's Face at first Sight, and would swear positively, he was the very identical Person. This Evidence, so full and peremptory, satisfied the Jury. However, the Prisoner was permitted to make his Defence, which he did by reciting all the Particulars, from his first setting out, from *Kent*, to the last Catastrophe of their unhappy Expedition. During this Recital, the Sheriff was observed to be in earnest Conference with the Judge; and when the

the Prisoner concluded all he had to say, his Lordship ordered the Tipstaff to shut the Doors, and suffer no Persons to stir out of the Court. But this Precaution was rather unseasonable, for the Witnesses dreading a Discovery, had slipp'd away, one by one, and were all vanished, except the Man who had deposed so minutely against the Prisoner, and who, not having observed the Decampment of his Companions, was taken into Custody. The Judge then directing himself to the Gentlemen of the Jury, informed them, that by the Information of Mr. *Sheriff*, who knew the Prisoner and his Family, he had almost providentially discovered a most iniquitous Scene of Villany, contrived against the Lives of two innocent Persons at the Bar, and that he would concur with them in bringing the wicked Offenders to condign Punishment. Then citing the Witnesses to appear, only one was to be found, who, upon being cross-examined, voluntarily confessed the Whole of their heinous Combination, and intreated for Mercy, which his Lordship, who was greatly incensed at this shocking Perjury, was at first unwilling to grant, but at the
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Intercession of Mr, *Cobham*, and the Villain's offering to discover the rest of his Accomplices, his Sentence was somewhat mitigated. *Cutberd*, on this unexpected Change of Fortune, was like a Man just raised from Death to Life, and scarcely was he restrained, by your Father, from dancing a Hornpipe at the Bar, and committing a thousand other Vagaries, which his exuberant Flow of Joy would have betrayed him into.

As for Mr. *Cobham*, being now restored to Liberty he first gave Thanks to the Supreme Being, whose interposition in this critical Season, he gratefully acknowledged;—and then bestowing innumerable Blessings on the Sheriff, to whom, under God, he was obliged for Life and Liberty, he desired to be informed by what Means himself and Family were so happy as be known to him. Sir, replied the Sheriff—I am not surprized you do not recollect this Face; Time, a warmer Climate, and many Accidents, have obliterated my Person from your Memory; I once was better known to you, but particularly to
your

your Lady Mrs. *Cobham*; my Name is *Goodville*—Bless me! cried my Husband, do I see Mr. *Goodville* in the Person of my Benefactor? This is a double Happiness! But pray, Sir, continued he, by what Means have we been so long deprived of you in *Kent*? You too well remember, said Mr. *Goodville*, my extraordinary Passion for Miss *Blysome*, now Mrs. *Cobham*. My Father, you know, was not in the least averse to my Regard for her, and yet I must own, she never gave me any Encouragement to hope a Return of Love. This induced me to suspect, that you, at that time my Rival in her Affections, was better received. Urged then by Jealousy and Despair, I considered you as the only Bar to my Hopes. I am ashamed to bring to Remembrance the ungentle Treatment I was guilty of, in order to provoke your Resentment—I succeeded thus far to my Wish; we met, we fought, and the Consequence of our Rencounter was, that on your being left for dead, I fled to *Calais*, intending there to wait the event. The Packet being detained by contrary Winds, did not arrive till six Weeks

Weeks afterwards, when, to the utter Confusion of all my Wishes, I received an Account of your Recovery and Marriage. I was not, upon cooler Reflection, so much displeased at your surviving our Engagement as chagrined at my Disappointment in Miss *Blysom*. I immediately determined to banish her Idea from my Mind. But as this might prove a Work of time, I thought it adviseable to divert myself with travelling to different Places abroad. I own, I was very indifferent about returning to my native Country, where all my Expectations of Happiness were blasted. I have continued ever since upon the Ramble till within these two Years, when a near Relation dying, left me his whole Estate in this Country. This obliged me to revisit *England*, purposing however to stay here no longer than till my Affairs were settled: But Love has irresistible Charms. I had scarcely been arrived a Fortnight, before Chance threw a Fair one in my way, to whose amiable Qualifications I soon found myself unalterably attached. But I had at this maturer Period of my Life, acquired so much Judgment and Hardiness, as to inform myself carefully

fully, if the Lady was quite disengaged; for otherwise, I had pre-resolved not to hazard my Peace of Mind in a second Duel. I found her in a Situation every way agreeable to my Wish. Her Name was *Bellair*, and I had been intimately acquainted with her Brother Sir *Harry*, a very worthy Youth, at *Paris*. In short, I laid my Person and Fortune at her Feet, obtained her Consent, and we were accordingly married.

Having lately been with my Wife to transact some urgent Business in *London*, we stayed a Week in our Return at my Brother-in-law's, Sir *Charles Bellair's*, in *Kent*, and from thence paid a Visit to *Rufus-Hall*, where we found your whole Family in the deepest Concern. Mrs. *Cobham* was inconsolable for your Loss, and acquainted me, that you had joined a Body of Volunteers, and accompanied them on a private Expedition against the Rebel Army. That she had learnt from some of the Party since returned, that you and *Cutberd* having wandered away together, had not been heard of since.—

I endeavoured, continued Mr. *Goodville*, to alleviate her Grief by every Consolation I could think on, but finding it to no Purpose, we took a sorrowful Leave, and set out to be ready at the Assizes. I was sincerely affected at the News, having pleased myself with the Hopes of making you some Reparation for the Injury I had formerly done you. And now Heaven, for which I am infinitely thankfull, has at last enabled me to solicit Forgiveness, and convince you of my Friendship.

Mr. *Cobham* embraced with open Arms, and complimented him on his Marriage. He accepted an Invitation to dine with him and Mrs. *Goodville* that Day, intending on the next to set out for *Kent* — Mr. *Goodville* insisted on accommodating him with his Chariot for the Journey, excusing himself at the same Time very politely, from attending him to *Rufus-Hall*, as the Assizes were an indispensable Obstacle. The Mayor and Aldermen were very assiduous in their Civility, and made a thousand Apologies for their harsh Behaviour. He assured them, he rather praised than
blamed

blamed their Conduct, which he supposed was actuated by so laudable a Motive as their Duty to their King and Country. — Mr. *Cobham* was received with the greatest Respect by Mrs. *Goodville*, and returned hither in a few Days, full of Encomiums on his Benefactor, and Mrs. *Goodville*, whom he was pleased to say, he considered next to me, as the happiest and most accomplished Wife in Christendom.

Thus you see, my Dear, continued Mrs. *Cobham*, that your Father's mistaken Endeavours to approve himself a good Subject, have long since involved him in a Series of distressful Circumstances. His Experience, as it was dearly bought, so operated properly on his Mind; and a serious Retrospection of the Dangers he had escaped, joined to my Remonstrances, have, till the Arrival of this Letter from *Cutberd*, effectually kept him in the Country, and hindered his Elopement.

I was once indeed afraid we should have been drawn to Town, by that arbitrary Tyrant the Law, and an unlucky

lucky Accident which befell our Neighbour old *Tripartite* the Attorney, who you must know is a violent *Jacobite*.

Mr. *Cobham*, some Years ago, invited several of his Neighbours to a *Christmas* Feast, and *Tripartite* amongst the rest. — The Glass had circulated some time with great Freedom, when Mr. *Tripartite*, whose Brain was heated with the fiery Fumes of *Stingo* and *October*, on a sudden started Politics, which Topic he pursued with great Vociferation. At last, my Husband thought proper to reprimand him for his ungenerous Abuse of his Majesty King *George*, by whose gracious Permission he at that very Time held a considerable Place. *Tripartite* defended his Argument with equal Warmth, and the Majority of the Company sided with him, for the Jest's sake; finding therefore his Cause so well supported, he proceeded to such a Height of Insolence, as to drink the *Pretender's* Health on his Knees, and the rest of his Party followed the scandalous Example. Your Father, at Sight of this, could not restrain the Impetuosity of his Passion; but, animated with that Glow
of

of Zeal, which had been ever a ruling Principle with him, he discharged a Bottle at his Antagonist's Head, who retaliated the Compliment, and a general Fray ensued, in which poor *Tripartite* lost his right Eye, by a terrible Blow from a Glass Decanter, that felled him to the Ground. The Fall of this Champion, struck a general Panic, and caused a Truce on both Sides. A Surgeon was immediately provided for *Tripartite*, who stormed like a Madman, vowing to bring an Action of Assault and Battery against my Husband, and insisted on being carried to his own House that Evening, which was accordingly complied with.—In a few Days after he sent your Father a Letter, “ begging Pardon for the Disturbance he had occasioned, and
 “ entreating his Silence on the Subject
 “ of their late Encounter, alledging,
 “ that Excess of Wine had inebriated and thrown him off his Guard, by
 “ which Means he was conscious of
 “ having uttered many disaffected Expressions, which, if published to the
 “ World, might occasion the Loss of
 “ his Place,” a Loss more dreadfull to
 him

him, than that of his Eye. — I have great Reason to think that altho' he has stifled his Resentment through Fear, lest his Treason should be too much exposed, yet he only waits a favourable Opportunity to execute some sort of Revenge upon your Father. And here, my Dear, I cannot but observe how destructive these *Jacobitical* Principles in a Lawyer may prove to the *British* Community, since the Man, who may be supposed to have made our Laws and Constitution the Study of his Life, will for this Reason impose his Traiterous Arguments with additional Weight on Persons of inferior Understanding. And tho' his Assertions would appear at first sight notoriously false, absurd and ridiculous, to every Man of good Sense, and real Judgment in the Kingdom, yet coming from one who appears not only convinced of their Truth himself, but seems to found them on the Laws of Nature, sound Reason and Equity, they will carry a double Influence over the unlettered, ignorant, part of his Audience. Hence 'tis not difficult to conceive, with how much Ease, such abominable Doctrine, propagated

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pagated with a Shew of Knowledge and Authority by such a Man, may insinuate its Poison into the Hearts of vulgar People, and incurably taint their Principles. — Here Mrs. *Cobham's* Discourse was broke off by the Appearance of *Thomas*, who gave her to know, that Mr. *Trueman*, the Minister of the Parish, and his Spouse, hearing of Miss *Sophia's* Arrival, were come to pay their Compliments — Upon this Information, the two Ladies hastened to receive their Visitants, of whom the Reader may expect some Account in my next Chapter.

C H A P. X.

*By diff'rent Motives diff'rent Men are led.
Some, for a Jointure, some a Pudden wed.*

MR. *Trueman*, soon after his Initiation into Orders, was, by the Request of his worthy Patron, the Hon. Mr. *Freeport*, made to his Nephew Lord *Rackett*, taken into his Lordship's Service as Chaplain. — He lived in this Capacity about half a Year, with tolerable Ease, when unfortunately Mr. *Freeport* died. And his worthy Nephew
and

and Heir, who, in *Deference* to his Uncle's *Fortune*, had demeaned himself with proper Submission and Respect during his Life, being now in Possession of the Inheritance, and without Controul, reckoned it absurd, that a young Nobleman of Spirit should maintain a Fellow in Crape, for nothing else but to mumble Prayers for him, and bless the Venison. He insisted therefore that his Reverence should either perform the additional Offices of P—mp, and Toast-master, or take his final Departure. The latter Part of which Proposal Mr. *Trueman* chose to accept, and, quitting this Right Honourable Lord, was not a little distressed in his Circumstances for some time, till he bethought himself of employing his Pen, which he did with so much Success in composing a Tragedy, that he not only acquired an immediate Subsistence, but was taken into the Pay of a Bookseller, by whose kind Application to the Bishop of St. *Mammon*, he procured, for a trifling Premium, a Curacy in Town of thirty Pounds per Annum. And on this, and some small Addition, which his Genius as a Writer brought him, this wor-

thy Man had made Shift to live for about twenty Years, and thought himself far happier 'midst this honest Exigence, than if he had, for the sake of a far more considerable Annuity, remained in his Lordship's Service on the infamous Terms prescribed him. — To proceed, — at the pressing Instigation of his Bookseller, and the Prospect of an Augmentation to his Finances, he was prevailed on, much against his Inclination, to write a very severe Libel on the Ministry.

This Pamphlet had scarce issued three Days from the Press, before the uncommon Demand for it seemed to flatter the rapacious Bookseller with some Hopes of a second Edition. — Elated with his good Fortune, he forgot all sense of Gratitude to the Author, and flatly refused to advance a single Cross beyond the stipulated Sum of one Guinea, notwithstanding Mr. *Trueman* made it evident to Demonstration, that he must have cleared near thirty Times that Sum as sheer Profit. — Enraged at this most inequitable Dealing, (which, tho' my Publisher declares he never was
guilty

guilty of, I'm sorry to say is the Crime of too many among his Fraternity) and sorely repenting that he had by means of this Libel, diffeminated such Principles, as were odious to every *True Briton*, foreign to his own Heart, and destructive to the Harmony of the Commonwealth, he instantly set about drawing up an Answer to it, which being finished in a very short time, he carried to a different Bookseller. This Reply, as it bespoke the genuine Dictates of his Breast, was penned with all the Freedom, Truth, and Candour imaginable; in short, it effectually traversed every Argument he had enforced in the former Pamphlet, and gave such universal Satisfaction, as not only brought the Libel and its Publisher into Contempt, but commended Mr. *Trueman* to the Notice of Sir *Jasper Courtly*, who, being highly pleased with the Perusal of this Reply, wish'd to be acquainted with the Writer. This was soon brought about, by means of the Publisher; and upon hearing the different Circumstances of Mr. *Trueman's* Life, which he very ingenuously recounted, Sir *Jasper* conceived such an Esteem for him, that he

obliged him to accept a handsome Gratiuity, entertained him in his own House, and promised him the Reversion of a Living in *Kent*, in his Gift, worth two hundred Pounds per Annum; and, the Incumbent dying shortly after, Mr. *Trueman* was presented to it. Before he set out to take Possession of his Benefice, he requested his Patron to add one more Obligation to those already conferred, and exert his Interest with Mrs. *Hyson*, his House-keeper, to accept of his Reverence for a Husband. Sir *Jasper* consented freely to speak in his Behalf, being desirous of uniting her to so worthy a Man. Accordingly, he proposed the Matter to Mrs. *Hyson*, with so much Success, that she took the Parson at his Word, and they became one Flesh.

Mrs. *Hyson*, during fifteen Years, which she had spent very comfortably in Sir *Jasper*'s Family, had made Shift to save about five hundred Pounds, to which Sir *Jasper*, whose chief Pleasure consisted in doing Acts of Generosity, added five Hundred more, on the Wedding-day. So that, considering she
was

was the Wife of a Country Clergyman, Mrs. *Trueman* might be look'd upon as no very despicable Fortune. — At the Time of these her second Espousals, she had just leapt over the Threshold of her six and thirtieth Year; and even in this her old Age, she might pass, for what the Vulgar call, a good Person of a Woman. Not but that Time and the Small-Pox (those remorseless Destroyers of Beauty!) had made some little Drawback from her Charms, which were still more diminished in Number and Value, by the ill Usage of her former Husband; who, by evil Communication with a noted *Fille de Joye* had impaired his Health, ruined his Credit, bankrupted his Fortune, reduced his Wife to the lowest State of Indigence, and himself, at length, to a Prison, where he consummated the Period of his Miseries in this World with a Dose of Arsenic. — After this Catastrophe Mrs. *Hyson* was in a very calamitous Situation for some time, till hearing, that the House-keeper's Place in Sir *Jasper's* Family was vacant, she made the proper Application,

tion, and was enrolled amongst the Number of his Domesticks.

It is uncertain, what induced Mr. *Trueman* to settle his Affection upon this Lady; for altho' some have shrewdly hinted that her exquisite Skill in the Composition of a Plumb-pudding, (of which delicious Viand our Parson was *sans* Dispute a very passionate Admirer) made the first and most indelible Impression on his Pericardium; yet I am rather inclined to ascribe it to the many agreeable Hours of private Chat he enjoyed with the Widow, at her Morning and Evening Tea-table, to which he was regularly admitted; and I think this the more probable, if we consider the Parson's Idea of a Wife; which, according to his Definition, " is a certain She-Animal created for the Use and Convenience of
 " Man; to love, honour, fear, and
 " obey him, her Lord and Master; to
 " be occasionally an Helpmate to him;
 " to cherish him in Time of Sicknes;
 " to preside in his Kitchen, cater for
 " his Table, and manage all other the
 " meaner Duties of his Household,
 " with Diligence Frugality, and Dis-
 " cretion

“cretion.” — I say, considering this was his real Notion of a good Wife, I doubt not but in his many Conversations with Mrs. *Hyson*, he discovered her to be extreamly well furnished with Ability for performing the several Offices above specified. — Besides these Qualifications, Mrs. *Trueman* was not a little distinguished among her Parishioners for being a Petticoat-Politician. She could trim the Balance of Power to a Hair, and would give you the Genealogies of all the Crowned Heads in *Europe* with the same Facility, that a Jockey traces from Dam to Grand Dam, and Great - Great - Grandam, the illustrious Pedigree of *Childers*, or *Hobgoblin*. No body could detect a Flaw in the last Act of Parliament, or an Error in the Conduct of our Land or Water Commanders with readier Acuteness than Mrs. *Trueman*. In short, she could trump up Alliances, marry Heirs-apparent, make Peace or War, and do a thousand other things for the Good of the Nation; and the eager Propensity, with which she longed to be thought a Woman of vast Sagacity, immense Reading, and infinite Judgment. — But tho’ Mrs. *Hyson* quoted

ted *Rapin*, *Burnet*, *Clarendon*, and all the other *British* Historians with much Confidence, yet she was misled now and then, by the Violence of her Argumentation, into petty Mistakes, of which her Husband, Mr. *Trueman*, never failed to remind her.

C H A P. XI.

*The Female Machiavel at large
By Turns controuls in ev'ry Charge.
Does Commerce suffer in it's Rights.
'Tis she directs the naval Flights.
Now medd'ling in the Soldier's Trade,
Troops must be hir'd and Levies made.
From her the K—ng must Conduct learn,
And F—x his Ignorance discern.*

TO pursue my History, the usual Ceremonies, and Salutations had no sooner been shuffled from Side to Side, by the two Ladies, and their Guests, but Parson *Trueman* made Enquiry after the 'Squire. — Mrs. *Cobham* informed him in Rejoinder, that her Spouse had set out for *London* that very Morning upon urgent Business, and that herself and Miss intended a Visit of two or three Weeks to her Sister

Sister in *Wiltshire* till his Return.— Return, Madam, says Mrs. *Hyson*, surely he does not propose returning at this perilous Juncture: When (as my Sister *Rachel* writes me word from Town) the *French* are about to invade us with a hundred and fifty thousand Men in flat-bottomed Boats! If you'll believe me, Mrs. *Cobham*, I've scarce slept a wink, since I heard this dismal News. — I have done all in my Power to prevail on Mr. *Trueman* to fly to *London*, but all to no Purpose.—— To no Purpose, indeed, my Dear, said her Husband, with a Sneer, and I'm surprized a Woman of any Sense should yield to such puerile Fears, and the idle Dread of Impossibilities.—— Impossibilities!—— I'm surprized Mr. *Trueman* to hear you talk in this Manner — But however, mark the Event. — The *French*, I well know, are full of Stratagem, and cunning — Depend upon it, they'll steal upon us like a Thief in the Night, and then, woe be to that Man, Woman, or Child, that comes in their Way—— Nay I was told no longer ago than Yesterday, by Mrs. *Gage*, the Excise-man's Wife, who was informed of it
by

by her Husband, who heard it declared by a Person, who had it from very good Authority, that they design to land forty Thousand Men at least, here in our County of *Kent*. — But what in the name of Wonder can be the Reason, that our Folks at the Helm are so much out of their Latitude? And what is become of these *Hessians*? — And the *Dutch* too — They have served us a fine Trick! Ay, this comes of entring into Treaties with such People! — Odds my Life, if I were King of *England* — Queen I would say, continued she, I'd march an Army into the *Low Countries* directly, and compell every Soul of 'em to assist me against the *French*. After this Exploit, I would send a Fleet to burn all the Men of War, and flat-bottomed Boats in the *French* Harbours; and then, a Fig for their Invasions, and Trumpery. But if it was not for some Persons in the Ministry, who shall be nameless, all this might have been done before now, and then we need not have been burthened with Taxes upon Taxes. — But they are not now as they were in the Days of good Queen *Bess*; she never made Laws to oppress

ppress the Subject, and lived the Scourge and Terror of the World. But, how contrary this to the Behaviour of our modern Senators! What excellent Statutes they are enacting! Why there's the Marriage Act, for instance — In the Name of Common Sense, could there be any thing more unaccountable, more impolitic, and more — Here, Mr. *Trueman* lost all Patience and exclaimed with some Warmth, — For Goodness sake, my Dear, do you consider what you are saying, and before whom? What a-Plague, have you do with Matters of State? — I have often told you, and now repeat it, that “To meddle
“in things of this Nature, is not any
“Part of a Woman's Province.” — With Submission then, replied his Wife, a little nettled, I should be glad to know, Sir, what a Woman's Province is, and why our Sex is to be debarred the Right and Liberty to censure the ill Conduct of ignorant or designing Statesmen, the fatal Effects of which must fall as heavily on us, as you Men.

My Dear, (answered Mr. *Trueman*) I thought your own Good-sense would
have

have instructed you on this Head.—And I make no doubt, but that, in fact, you are well convinced, your Sex was ordained for the less weighty Concerns of Life, and the better Regulation of the domestic System.—Else wherefore has Heaven endued you with that peculiar Softness, or distinguished ours with a Strength of Mind and Body well adapted to endure the Fatigue of Business in the Cabinet, or of laborious Exercises in the Field, to carry on Trade abroad, to defend our Country from foreign Foes, and administer Justice. As the all-wise Creator has made Man so necessary for these Works, without which the World cannot subsist in Peace or Order, he has certainly made them superior to such as are not able to do them, and consequently superior to the Women. Do not then contend for a Privilege, to which you are not entitled, and prithee leave the Cares of establishing and repealing Laws, of protecting our Liberties, and providing for the temporal Wellfare of the State to those, whom the general Voice of our Country has nominated to these Purposes. I think it every whit as absurd

furd to hear a Woman affecting to be wise in Politicks, as it would be to behold a Prime Minister, or a Lord Chancellor in his Robes, stirring a Pudding.—I'm sorry, says Mrs. *Trueman*, (who boiled with Indignation at this last Remark of her Husband) that you have so strange a Notion, Mr. *Trueman*, of our Sex, and their Destination.—But to convince you how ill founded it is, and to prove beyond Contradiction, that we are formed with natural Abilities equal, if not superior, to your haughty Sex, I will only mention a few Examples.—The renowned *Elizabeth* is a Competitress with any Prince that ever graced the *English* Throne; and so far her Merits transcend those of her immediate Successor, *William* the III^d.—*James* the Ist, I believe you mean, interrupted Mr. *Trueman*.—Well, *James* the Ist then, let it be, continued she, that one was styled King *Bessy*, the other Queen *James*. I need not take Notice of our *Marys* and our *Anne*, all of glorious Memory, and to go still further back, what think you of *Boadicea*?—And, pray, let me ask one Question more. If the Women were, as you would insinuate, so utterly incapable

ble of managing the Reins of State, why have the *English*, so famous for the Excellence of their Constitution, so often submitted at different Times to a Petticoat Government?—That, replied Mr. *Trueman*, may have proceeded either from the lineal Right of Succession, from Custom, or their natural Complaisance to the Sex: But be that as it will, tho' we suffer a Woman to wield the Scepter, or to express myself more properly, to play and divert herself with it, yet we ourselves take care, to direct her Hands that she may do no Mischief, and prescribe certain Bounds to her Sovereignty. But, our politic and gallant Neighbours the *French*, fearing the Consequence of investing any Woman with absolute Sway, have wisely contrived the Salique Law, which excludes the female Line from ascending the Throne of *France*.—But, pray Mrs. *Trueman* have done I beseech you, and don't aspire to—Here Mrs. *Cobham* interrupted. If I may be allowed to act, as Moderatrix in this Dispute, I must so far speak in Favour of my Sex, as to admit in Part of what Mrs. *Trueman* has argued, and must confess, I think, that

that as there can be no Sex in Souls, I see no Reason why Women may not have competent Abilities for State, as well as domestic Affairs. For not to mention those of our own Nation, who have ruled with such Eclat, and led the wisest Statesmen by the Nose, I must observe, that even in *France*, where, as Mr. *Trueman* informs us, the Salique Law prevails; even there, I say, their proudest Monarchs have submitted to the Guidance of Women, in Things of greatest Import: Witness *Louis XIV.* who, perhaps, was the ablest He-Politician that ever *Europe* produced; yet even this sagacious Monarch consulted his Favourite Madam *Maintenon* on all Affairs of Moment; in-so-much, that he never undertook any Thing of Consequence before he had fully advised with her upon the Subject, and formed the Plan of his Operations according to her Opinion; so confidently did he rely on her Judgment and Capacity. His present Majesty of *France* has not wanted another *Maintenon*, in the Person of Mademoiselle *Pompadour*, whose State Intrigues, as I'm told, have drawn upon her the Resentment of the
French

French Ministry, who, perhaps, are only offended, because the King, their Master, has listened with more Attention to her Council, than to theirs. — These, Mr. *Trueman*, are unexceptionable Instances of our Ability for Politics; but however, I own, that, tho' there are, and have been, Women that excell many Men in Strength of Body, and Powers of Mind, in Fineness of Parts, Soundness of Judgment, and Strength of Memory; yet Examples of this Sort are rare and uncommon, and neither are, were, nor ever will be great enough to shew, that God intended to assign to our Sex the Superiority. I therefore cannot but allow, that the Men hold the Prerogative of Dominion over us, by virtue of Nature's Charter; not a tyrannic Authority to treat us like menial Slaves, but as Friends and Companions in the State of Wedlock. — So far am I from thinking, any Public Station becomes my Sex, that I am convinced, we make in no Condition of Life so amiable a Figure, as in our own private Families. — But you Men are too apt to boast your Preheminence, and we are
not

not less ambitious of contesting this Point. If you would carry yourselves with less Arrogance, we should behave with more Subordination. And as to National Affairs, every Woman, in my Opinion, should so far interfere in them, as to contribute all in her Power to do her Country Service, by Sacrificing her luxurious Superfluities, and inspiring her Children, if she has any, with a Love of Virtue and Honesty, which may go a great Way towards making them good Subjects hereafter.

Dear Madam, cried Mr. *Trueman*, I'm in Raptures to hear you talk thus; and if every *British* Lady possessed your exalted Sentiments, our Fair Ones would soon become equally celebrated with the *Roman* Matrons of old: who, on a particular Emergency of State, met together, and generously devoted their Rings, Bracelets, and Jewels, to the public Use. If the *British* Ladies would in the same manner consent to part with some of their exuberant Trinkets, to be disposed of in raising a Regiment of Soldiers, I dare assure them, so noble an Action would lend them more real Charms in the Eyes of
my

my Countrymen, than all the Pomp of Dress, and Lustre of Ornaments. The Entrance of Dinner put a Stop to their further Dissertation upon this Head, and Mrs. *Trueman*, perceiving that her Argument was opposed by one of her own Sex, quietly let it drop for the present, intending to resume it with her Husband, when proper Time, and Occasion should give her leave.

C H A P. XII.

*A Politician must like Water seem,
Of the same Colour that the Vessel is
Which doth contain it; varying still his Speech,
His Face, and Habit; and his specious Tongue
Must with high-sounding Oaths and Protestations,
With well tim'd Flatt'ry, and officious Terms,
Spread artificial Mists before the Eyes
Of credulous Simplicity.*

MASON.

PARSON *Trueman* and his Lady made but a short Stay after Dinner, having engaged themselves to drink Tea with Mr. *Tripartite*, and his Niece Miss *Kitty Gaylove*, who lived as Housekeeper

Housekeeper with her Uncle. After their Guests had withdrawn, Mrs. Cobham and her Daughter dedicated the Remainder of the Day in afforting, and getting ready every Thing requisite for their Journey the next Morning. But let us leave awhile the Ladies occupied in this necessary Business, and see what became of Mr. Cobham, after his sudden Departure from *Rufus Hall*. He reached *London* the same Day with Ease, and went incontinently to the House of his Friend and Intimate *Cutberd*. — Mrs. *Cutberd* welcomed him to Town with many Demonstrations of Joy; and telling him, she believed he would find her Husband at the usual Place of Rendezvous, he went with all possible Expedition to the Ship in *Gunpowder-Alley*, where the other Members of the *Brit-wychnodmrion* Society were assembled. — At his Entrance into the Room, they arose and saluted him very respectfully; after which he was ushered by Secretary *Cutberd* to his Presidential Chair — Before each Member was placed a brimming Pot of Porter, a Pipe, and a Paper of Tobacco. The President, who was always elected by Vote, held his Office
as

as our Judges do *dum se bene gesserit*; that is, during his good Behaviour therein. Besides the particular Indulgence of lolling in an easy Chair, the President was allowed every Night, during their Sessions, the absolute Privilege of swilling as much Porter, and smoaking as much Tobacco, at the publick Expence, as he should think convenient. — Nay, it was a standing Maxim of the Society, that whoever could away with six Pots of Porter, or as many Pipes of Tobacco, more than the rest, was six Times a better Subject than any one else in Company; for they would tell ye, that in order to render our Colonies abroad, or our Countrymen at home rich and flourishing, we must consume their Product and Manufactures as fast as we can. Thus a Tea-Drinker, who, for the same public-spirited Reason, uses an immoderate Quantity of Sugar, may vaunting cry, whilst he drops the mighty Lump of Sweetness into his Bason of Tea, this I do for the Benefit of the Plantations! — But exclusive of this Reason (which is a very good one) for frequently replenishing their Pots, and their Pipes,
our

our Society, many of whose Members were Professors of Rhetoric, considered the Tobacco-pipe, as essential and indispensable an Instrument to a Political Orator, as the Pen to a Pleader, or Truncheon to our Theatric Generals; for without the necessary Aid of these, the Arguments of the former, would carry little Weight or Demonstration, and the Military Orders of the latter might be quite disregarded, as wanting the proper Action to enforce them. In short, I leave it to my Reader's Imagination, to conceive how very trifling the Declamations of many Gentlemen at the Bar would appear, if their Speech was unornamented with the graceful Action of Pen-in-Hand; for it is this little, seemingly contemptible, Implement, held between the Finger and Thumb, whose regular and indicative Motion, points out to a Hair, the Time when, the Place where, the Manner how, and so forth. And as for the Theatre, should *Macbeth*, when the Messenger brings him an unwelcome Piece of News, be barely content with calling him *Liar* and *Slave*, these Nick-names might, it is
reasonable

reasonable to suppose, have no more the Impulse of Fear on the Messenger, than Oaths and Curses on a Hackney-Coachman. The Sagacious Actor, therefore, accompanys them with the emphatic *Argumentum Baculinum*, and convinces the Fellow of his Mistake, by knocking him down with a Truncheon—The Porter then, the Tobacco-Pipe and the Tobacco, may be considered as three Ingredients, that necessarily enter into the Composition of a Political Orator—If Porter inspires with substantial Reasoning, profound Innuendos, and sage Prognostications, the Pipe steps in for its equal Proportion of Service.—For let us only observe Mr. Orator *Higgins*, a Member of this Society——and see—with his Pipe he delineates on the wetted Table the Town and Harbour of *Dunkirk*, and describes the Fortifications there carrying on, in Opposition to the Treaty of *Utrecht*—and now he draws the Southern Coast of *England*; shews ye where 'tis most probable the flat-bottomed Boats will land, and at the same time he arrays our Troops in strait and curve Lines, in such Disposition,

as may best enable them to repel the Invaders. Here, says he, imagine these little Drops of Porter, or the Letters *BBB*, to be the *French* Boats full of armed Men, and endeavouring to gain the Shore. Now, proceeds he, behind this right Line, or Line of Contravallation, marked *AA*, I shall post my *Hessians* and *Hanoverians*, in Ambuscade, with sixty Pieces of Cannon, which are to be hidden from the Enemy by means of these Dots, or Fascines, *CC*. Well then, no sooner are they preparing to disembark, in all the Exultation of Conquest, but what does me but let fly at 'um from my Battery *AA*, behind the Fascines *CC*, and sink 'um every Soul with their Boats *BBB*. — But what occasion then, infers Mr. *Catchup*, (another sly Politician) have ye for so many *Hessians* and *Hanoverians*, when a handful of Men would be sufficient to manage those sixty Pieces of Cannon you spoke of? — Oh, — replies Mr. *Higgins*, you must know, I have laid two Schemes for their Perdition. To sink and drown 'em all before they Land, as above described, is the foremost, and I think the safer Way of the two. But,

G

if

if we should be desirous, to put the Courage of our Mercenaries to the Test, and as in fact they ought to do something for their Money, let us e'en suffer these *Frenchmen* to land without Molestation. After which my Battery of sixty Guns knocks their flat bottomed Boats into Atoms, our *Hessians* and *Hanoverians* upon this, immediately sally from their Ambuscade with loud Huzza's; this scares the Enemy, and throws them into Disorder; and in that Situation they are attacked, discomfited of course, and obliged to surrender Prisoners of War. — At the Close of this Harrangue, Mr. *Higgins* deliberately returned the Engine to his Lips, and wrapping up his Importance in Clouds of Smoak, whiffed away all further Objections of his Antagonist.

When all Ceremonies were adjusted, Mr. Secretary *Cutberd*, having been deputed for that Purpose, stood up, and Silence being enjoined, he first drank his Majesty's Health in Porter, according to Custom, and then addressed himself to the President in these Words :

Mr.

“ Mr. PRESIDENT,

“ In the general Name of this wor-
“ shipful Society, I beg leave to re-
“ turn you our hearty Thanks for the
“ Diligence and Expedition with which
“ you have honoured our Summons. —
“ In the present alarming Crisis of
“ Affairs, we thought it incumbent
“ on us to meet together, to the end
“ that we may think on some Method,
“ whereby to testify, as well our Alle-
“ giance to his Majesty, as our unshaken
“ Zeal for the Protection of our Birth-
“ right, our Religion, Liberty and
“ Property. — And tho’ in whatever
“ we shall undertake, it may not be
“ our Fortune to succeed (as it grieves
“ me to recall to Mind, was our Case
“ in the late unnatural Rebellion) yet
“ the naked Merit of having attempted
“ some noble Atchievement in Behalf
“ of our Country, will, I hope, be
“ deemed by every one here present,
“ no insufficient Compensation.

“ *Tis not in Mortals to command Success,*
“ *But we’ll do more, my Brethren, we’ll*
“ *deserve it.*

“ As to the present Emergency, I be-
 “ lieve we are none of us Strangers to
 “ the prodigious, and industrious Pre-
 “ parations, which a faithless Enemy
 “ is making for a Descent on some
 “ Parts of this Kingdom. Let their
 “ bare Intention of such an Outrage
 “ animate us with Spirit to revenge
 “ the Insult. I need not expatiate upon
 “ this Topick, or point out the Ne-
 “ cessity of a speedy Concurrence in
 “ some Heroic Scheme, whose Glory
 “ may dazzle the Eyes of Posterity,
 “ and teach them to stand or fall with
 “ equal Intrepidity in Defence of their
 “ King and Country. — And now, if
 “ any Member, has any thing to offer
 “ upon this Subject, let him declare
 “ the same forthwith.”

Mr. *Owen Tudor*, alias, *Tiderick*, then rose up, and thus express'd himself,

“ *Maister* PRESIDENT,

“ **H**UR stants up, to tel hur Wor-
 “ ship, of a fat Reports, wich,
 “ hur hav hurt, an wich sait, tat tefe
 “ pase, an apominaple Monseers hav
 “ lantet

“ lantet in hur nople Cuntry of *Wales*.
“ An if tis pe true, hur teer Frents an
“ Relashion wil pe put into creat Perril
“ an I Jeppartle. — An tho’ tere pe
“ many pig and cracky Mounten to
“ hite temself in, yet Py Cot-a-mity,
“ it wil pe imposiple to trive awa sicty
“ Toufant hunckry *Frenshmans*, whoo
“ wil eet up, an tevour all hur Coats,
“ an hur Preat, an hur Leak, an hur
“ Sheese, an leaf hur pelovet Relashions
“ to tie of Huncker on te parren
“ Rocks. — An tearfore, Maister Pre-
“ sitent, hur humply hope, hur Wor-
“ ship, wil opine, tat we shute tirectly
“ lefy a Reshimen of Shoultiers, an
“ py up creat Plenty of Provishion,
“ to release hur teer Relashion in *Wales*;
“ an uppon the Fait of a Shentleman,
“ if hur wil acree to tis, hur as in tuty
“ pount, wil efer pra, for hur
“ Worship.”

Mr. *Tudor* had no sooner made an End of his Petition, but *Roger Bromley*, the *Kentish* Man, started up, and thus bespoke his Worship.

“ *By your Leave* Mr. PRESIDENT,

“ **T**HE Tale of a Cock and a Bull,
 “ this tim'rous *Welchman* has
 “ been relating, is a gross Lye, and
 “ rank Improbability from Beginning
 “ to End. Nay, tho' I perceive his
 “ *welch-Plood*, rises like the Quicksilver
 “ in a Barometer, yet, I repeat and
 “ affirm it to be an errant Falshood.
 “ For in the first place they have landed
 “ no where as yet, and secondly we
 “ may be assured they will never think
 “ of sending their Troops, half-fa-
 “ mished already, to invade a Part of
 “ *Great Britain*, which will neither sup-
 “ ply with Food to keep e'em from
 “ starving, nor with Money to buy
 “ any. — No — We have more Reason
 “ to expect them in our County of
 “ *Kent*, where Provision abounds in
 “ the greatest Plenty, whose Coast a
 “ few Hours Sail may bring them to,
 “ and which lies not far from the Ob-
 “ ject of their Wishes — this vast,
 “ this weakly Metropolis — The Con-
 “ duct of our Ministry in defending
 “ the

“ the Southern Shores with Men,
“ Arms and Ammunition, seems to
“ corroborate my Opinion, and shews
“ they are firmly persuaded, that the
“ Invasion will be aimed at this County,
“ and that this will become the Seat of
“ the War. But, I trust, that we, the
“ Men of *Kent*, whose noble Ancestors
“ opposed the haughty Duke of *Nor-*
“ *mandy* in his Progress, and disdained
“ to yield to him as a Conqueror ; We,
“ I say, will exert our native Spirit, and
“ chase these audacious *Frenchmen* to
“ their Boats again with Slaughter and
“ Confusion, what need for many Words.
“ You, Mr. President, have once be-
“ fore engaged in the Prosecution of a
“ glorious Enterprize ; which, had the
“ Success been answerable to our Wishes,
“ would have eternized your Memory,
“ and signalized the Men of *Kent*
“ above all others for Loyalty and Va-
“ lour. We failed in that Attempt,
“ —what hinders then, but, now a fair
“ Occasion offers to render Service to
“ our Country, we arm ourselves again
“ in it's Assistance. For my Part, poor
“ as I am, I will nevertheless contri-

“ bute every Farthing in Support of
 “ this great End; and I hope you will
 “ all unanimously join with me. To
 “ you, Mr. President, I would particu-
 “ larly address myself on this Occasion;
 “ to you, whom Providence has blest
 “ with the ample Means of ennobling
 “ yourself; and tho’ a Wife and Fa-
 “ mily may be thought to meet some
 “ Consideration, yet we should chear-
 “ fully give up our Wives, our Chil-
 “ dren, Friends, Fortune, nay die our-
 “ selves with Pleasure, when our Coun-
 “ try demands it. To conclude, let
 “ us suppose, what is not impssible,
 “ that our Troops should be defeated
 “ in the first Encounter with these In-
 “ vaders; your House, Mr. Presi-
 “ dent, is capacious enough, and
 “ will be a proper Assylum to re-
 “ ceive our flying Countrymen; and
 “ when it is well fortified, and pro-
 “ vided with Arms and Amunition
 “ for its Security, would stand a glo-
 “ rious Siege against the Enemy; and
 “ by this Means, afford our vanquished
 “ Leaders time to rally their scattered
 “ Forces, and renew their Attack on
 “ the Besiegers, in which we would be
 “ ready

“ ready to assist them from our Castle,
“ as Occasion might require. But
“ this, Mr. President, I only deliver as
“ my private Opinion—The Expence,
“ if you pursue the Hint, will cer-
“ tainly bear hardest upon you, as be-
“ ing the most opulent in this Society ;
“ but then on the other hand, the Fame
“ and Honour you will reap, will as
“ certainly repay your Expence with
“ Interest.

“ By Heaven! [exclaimed Mr. Cob-
“ bam, in Extasies,] an admirable
“ Thought! and I will spare neither
“ Trouble nor Cost in the Prosecu-
“ tion of it ; it shall be your Care, my
“ Friends, to provide all necessary Ar-
“ ticles ; and I desire no other Ho-
“ nour, but that you will permit me
“ to take the whole Burthen of the
“ the Charge upon myself. It is but
“ fitting, when my Country is at stake,
“ I should consecrate my House, my
“ Family, and Fortune, to serve it,
“ and I doubt not but Heaven, to
“ whose Care I commit them, will
“ bounteously provide for my Wife
“ and Daughter.

“ Come on, then, my Friends, no
 “ Time is to be lost ; let us settle the fe-
 “ veral Departments you are to take
 “ in this Affair, consider what is re-
 “ quisite to be purchased, and finally,
 “ let a Bill of Costs and Charges be
 “ laid before me at our next Meet-
 “ ing.”

Mr. *Cobham* had no sooner closed
 his Speech, but he descended from
 his Chair of State, called for Pen, Ink,
 and Paper, and seated himself at the
 round Table amongst the other Mem-
 bers ; where, leaving them to lay their
 Heads together, for the Good of the
 Nation, we shall make the best of our
 Way in the Interim to *Rufus Hall*.

C H A P. XIII.

*Inclos'd with Perils and beset with Woe,
Through Life's deceitful Pilgrimage we go:
But oft' when Fate impends, or Ills oppress,
Aid supervenes, and rescues from Distress.*

ANONYM.

IF I mistake not, we left Mrs. *Cobham* and her Daughter very busy in collecting such Necessaries as they proposed taking with them into *Wiltshire*. The next Morning they set out Betimes in a single Horse Chair, attended only by Footman *Thomas*; Mrs. *Cobham* handled the Reins with great Address, and the Weather proving extremely fair, they travelled on at a round Pace.—They were now within two Miles of the Village where they intended to bait, when Mrs. *Cobham* dispatched the Servant before to bespeak Dinner, and get every thing ready, that they might not be retarded too long at the Inn. He was scarcely out of Sight, when an Object, whose miserable Appearance would have excited Compassion in any Heart less tender

der than our Ladies, rising slowly from a Ditch by the Road Side presented to View,

*Somewhat betwixt a Mortal and a Spright ;
So thin, so ghastly meager, and so wan,
So bare of Flesh, he scarce resembled Man.
This Thing all tattered was, shaggy his Beard,
His Cloaths were tagg'd with Thorns, and
Filth his Limbs besmear'd.*

He was in short the very Hieroglyphic of Poverty and Wretchedness, and looked exactly like some weatherbeaten Felon just fallen from a Gibbet. This Bundle of Wretchedness was supported with a Crutch, and hopping nimbly on one Leg, for he seemed to have lost the other, he stationed himself in the Middle of the Highway, and began in the usual mendicant Strain, “ God bless
“ ye, dear, worthy good Gentlewo-
“ man, do for Christ his sake bestow
“ one poor Farthing, or a Halfpenny
“ — Look with an Eye of Pity
“ upon a poor unfortunate Sailor, who
“ has been twice shot through the Body,
“ once thro’ the Head, and lost the
“ Use of his precious Leg.”

Mrs.

Mrs. *Cobham*, who was prepossessed with a Notion that Rags and Roguery are too often associated together, observed him planted directly before the Horse, and being unwilling to drive over such a Wretch, (tho' some would have thought it a piece of Charity, to put an End to his Misery at once,) checkt the Rein, and called to him, in a somewhat imperious Tone, to get out of the Way; but Guess her Surprise, when in an Instant of Time, throwing away his Crutch, and seizing the Horse's Bridle with one Hand, whilst he presented a Pistol with the other, he swore if she would not part with her Money by fair means, he must have it by foul. And that by all the Devils in Hell he would blow their Brains out, if they did not Deliver that Moment.

Mrs. *Cobham*, as well as the Fright would give her leave, was going to comply with his Demand, when the Horse, who perhaps resented such uncivil Treatment, gave a sudden Spring, and darting forward with great Impetuosity,

tuosity, threw down the sturdy Vagrant, whose Pistol by some Accident went off at the same Time: At the Noise of this Explosion the fiery Steed, whose Mettle was raised to the highest Pitch, finding himself under no Restraint of Rein, for that had fallen out of the fair Driver's Hand, and trailed along the Ground, encreased his Flight with redoubled Celerity. The Ladies gave themselves up for lost, and shrieked incessantly. The furious Beast had run with them in this Manner for about half a Mile, regardless of the beaten Road; when, a Post happening to stand in the Way, he drew one of the Wheels directly against it: The Shock threw out both the Ladies to a considerable Distance from the Chaise, which was broke to pieces. Mrs. *Cobham* was only stunned a little with the Violence of the Fall; but the first Object that struck her Eyes, was her dear *Sophy* lying senseless at her Feet; at this melancholy Sight she could not refrain from piercing the Air with her Cries, and she sat bewailing the Fate of her unhappy Child, when on a sudden, two Men appeared in sight coming towards her full gallop,

lop; and at a small Distance behind, followed a Chariot and Six; the prospect of Assistance so near at hand, revived her Spirits, and raising *Sophy* in her Arms, she wiped her Face, all covered with Dust and Blood. And now the Chariot stopped, the Door was opened, and out stepped a young Gentleman handsomely drest, who ordered his Servants to alight, and follow him with Speed to succour the two Ladies; he himself flew in a Moment to Mrs. *Cobham*, and accosting her very genteely, prevailed upon her to get into the Chariot without Delay, whilst he took the young Lady in his Arms, and conveying her safely by the side of her Mother, bid the Coachman drive back to the *Red-Lion*, with all possible Haste. And mounting one of his Servant's Horses, he rode before to provide a Surgeon, and every thing necessary on this pressing Occasion. A few Minutes re-conveyed the Chariot to the Inn, Miss was immediately put to Bed; the Doctor soon afterwards arrived, and upon examining found she had only received a slight Contusion on her Forehead. He therefore thought proper to breath

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a Vein, and administred some vivifying Nostrum, which recalled her dissipated Senses to their several stations. Upon awaking from her Entrancement, she knew nothing of the Mischance, but enquired by what means and for what purpose she was brought into that Room. Mrs. *Cobham* desired her to suspend her Enquiries for the present, and endeavour to compose herself to sleep; after which, her Curiosity should be gratified. Miss wanted not many Entreaties to agree to these Terms; and her Spirits being in a little time settled into a State of Calmness, a gentle Slumber closed her Eyelids; which Mrs. *Cobham* observing, softly quitted the Room, and flew down Stairs to pay the due Acknowledgments to her Benefactor. But was not a little chagrined, when upon asking for him, she was told, that the young Gentleman, after conferring some time with the Doctor, wrote a Billet, which he desired might be delivered into Mrs. *Cobham's* Hands, with his Compliments to her and the young Lady. And that immediately after, mounting a Horse, he set out with two of his Servants.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Cobham* hastily opened the Billet, which was to the following Effect.

“ MADAM,

“ DOCTOR *Degagee*, on whose
“ Skill you may safely depend,
“ having given me the agreeable Assu-
“ rance that Miss is out of Danger, I
“ beg leave to congratulate you both
“ on your providential Escape. It is
“ with no small Regret I am compelled
“ to leave you, on Account of some
“ important Concerns which have call-
“ ed me to *France*.—I am obliged to
“ reach *Dover* this Night, in order to
“ save my Passage to *Calais* in the
“ Packet, which sails To-morrow. I
“ have directed my Chariot and Ser-
“ vants to attend your Pleasure, and
“ beg as a Favour you will command
“ them as your own.—May God pre-
“ serve you both till my Return to
“ *England*, when I promise myself the
“ Pleasure of finding you well in *Wilts* ;
“ to which County, I am, told, you are
“ directing your Course, and am with
“ most

“ most respectful Compliments to
“ Miss,

“ MADAM,

“ *Your most obedient Servant,*

“ CHARLES BELLAIR.”

After reading the Above, Mrs. *Cobham* cried, good Heaven ! is it Sir *Charles Bellair* to whom we are under such infinite Obligations ! Then calling his Coachman, pray, says she, is not your Master very nearly related to Mr. *Goodville* of *Leicestershire* ?—Yes, Madam, replied he, Mr. *Goodville* married Sir *Charles*’s Sister, Miss *Charlotte*, and as worthy a Lady, I’ll be bold to say, Madam, as any in *England*.—My Master has charged us, Madam, to obey your Orders punctually.—And the Chariot shall be ready at a Minute’s Warning whenever your Ladyship pleases to call for it.—Honest *John*, returned Mrs. *Cobham*, I am vastly obliged to Sir *Charles*, and thank you for your Diligence ; but I cannot think of quitting this Place till my Daughter is recovered.—I am in
Hopes

Hopes a sound Nap will work a perfect Cure, and if so, we may set out Tomorrow Morning. The Coachman bowed, and the good Lady attended the Summons to Dinner, where Doctor *Degagee* waited to sit down with her. The Doctor was really a very entertaining Companion to the Ladies; and beside a thorough-paced Skill in his Profession, in which he acted, occasionally, as Physician, Apothecary, and Surgeon, he possessed a Fund of chit-Chat, or Small-Talk, in which no Gossip at a Christning could excell him.—Mrs. *Cobham* soon discovered where his Talent lay, upon which she rallied him very handsomly; and said, that it very seldom happened any of *his* Occupation were blest like him, with the Art to season Gravity with Freedom and Ease in Conversation, and to divest themselves of that Preciseness and Formality of Manners, so inherent to the Sons of Physic. Madam, replied the Doctor, what you are pleased to remark is very just, and all that Starchness and Importance of Aspect, so common to my Fraternity, I take to be merely assumed for prudential Reasons. The World, in Fact, is too
apt

apt to ground its Opinions on Appearances; and the Merit and Knowledge, I will venture to affirm, of half the Physicians, Lawyers, and Parsons in this Kingdom, consists entirely in the capacious Structure of their Perriwig, and a sapient Solemnity of Phiz.—You smile, Madam, at my Assertion, but I dare say you will some Time or other be convinced of its Truth.—This Piece of Buffoonery, and the singular Manners I have noted in several Physicians of my Acquaintance, have, ever since I first reflected upon 'em, appeared in so ridiculous a Light to me, that I resolved to fashion my Looks and Behaviour on a quite different Model.—Observing, how distastful, that awkward Stiffness, and what I may term, Male-Prudery, is to most People of Sense, I shook off immediately the little I had contracted, and have ever since endeavoured at an Ease and Liberty of Speech and Carriage, quite independant of my Business: The Duties of which, I find myself every whit as capable of discharging, in a Cut-Bob, as a Tie. And I find, to *look*, and *act* like a Philosopher or a Physician, are two very different Things.

It

It is not only, Madam, this Affectation of Knowledge, which our Medical Gentry are so apt to display at all Times, and in all Companies, that makes them so ridiculous, but there are many Men of real Genius, who being always buried in abstruse Researches, have studied themselves into a total Unfitness for any Conversation but Physic and Philosophy, and for any Society but *Tycho-Brake* and *Hippocrates*. 'Tis true, the meer Bookworm may by his Speculations, afford some little Matter of Service to Mankind, but nevertheless, he makes himself a Sort of Stranger in Society, and so far is he from receiving any Advantage himself by his reclusive Application, that it certainly renders him extremely unhappy. He speaks a different Language from the rest of the World, and is so much taken up in communing with the Dead, that he is by no Means qualified for any Inter-course with the Living. Whereas, as an Author has justly observed, “ Men “ should be made a Part of their Study, “ as well as Books, and by a social “ Commerce with the World, their Speculations should be reduced to Practice,

“ tice, and accomodated to the Purposes
 “ of Life; for nothing has more exposed
 “ the Learned to Contempt, than their
 “ Ignorance of Things which are
 “ known to all but themselves; so that
 “ one is surprized to see Men wrinkled
 “ with Study, yet wanting to be in-
 “ structed in the necessary Forms of
 “ daily Transactions.” — Men of this
 Turn, Madam, become the Bubbles of
 every petty Knave, who has Art enough
 to take Advantage of their Inexperience
 in the ordinary Affairs of human Life;
 an Instance of this I will give, with
 your Permission, in an old Acquain-
 tance of mine.—But Mrs. *Cobham* desir-
 ing he would defer her Satisfaction of
 hearing it, till after he had dined.
 Odsso, cried the Doctor, very true, Ma-
 dam, I had quite forgot my Dinner,
 and am prating here till the Beef is cold;
 I’m afraid too, my Tattle has been no
 little Interruption to you, Madam, in
 the agreeable Business of Eating. Oh,
 replied she, by no Means Doctor. You
 are the only Sufferer, I assure ye, for
 considering what a Hurry of Spirits I
 have undergone To-day, I seem to have
 dealt pretty freely with the Sirloin, and
 set

set you a glorious Example. Which, Madam, returned the Doctor, I shall be proud to follow ; and so saying, he stuck his Instrument into the noble Subject before him, and soon convinced Mrs. *Cobham*, that he was no Novice at Dissection.

C H A P. XIV.

*Yes, I despise the Man to Books confin'd,
Who never deigns to mingle with Mankind.
Who drinks, and eats, and walks, and speaks
by Rule,*

And studies, to be call'd, — A learned Fool.

ANONYM.

THE Doctor, after plentifully diluting with some of my Landlord's Home-brewed, being called upon by Mrs. *Cobham*, he blowed his Nose, hem'd thrice, and then presented her with the sequent Relation.—Doctor *Simpleton*, Madam, is an old Crony, and Intimate of mine ; the Doctor's Study, you must know, has chiefly been confined to the Science of Virtù, or in other Words, the Science of Cockle-Shells, for they are synonymous. The Doctor
had

had resolved to furnish his Cabinet with an universal Collection of Fossils, Minerals, and other the rare Phænomena of Nature. For this Purpose he diligently one Morning perused the News-papers, for *Prestage's* and *Langford's* Paragraphs. But finding no Shell-sale advertised, and observing that an *East-Indiaman* was just arrived in the River, he determined upon an Expedition to her. So, calling a Coach, he drove to *Wapping*. After discharging the Coachman, he enquired the Way to the *River-side*, and was hast'ning towards it, when a Croud of Watermen surrounded, and hailed him, as usual, with Oar, Sir, Scull-or-Oar; such a Din of inarticulate Voices stupified him beyond Measure; for he had never been in a Boat his whole Life before. Addressing himself therefore to an Oyster Women who was standing just by with a Basket on her Head, pray good Mrs. Fisher Woman, says he, what is all this Parlaber about? And wherefore are they bawling to me? I can't understand a single Monosyllable of what they're saying. Oh, answer'd she, dost'nt know? why they're only running the Rig upon ye, seeing you
to

to be a strange Man. — Are they so, Scoundrels? replied the angry Doctor; Odds, I wish I was a Justice of the Peace, or an Alderman for their sakes; I would teach 'em how to treat their Betters in this contumelious and uncourtly Manner; and saying this, he bustled down the Stairs in great Fury, and stepped into the first Boat that lay convenient. The Waterman asked him where his Honour pleased to go. — Why ay, replied the Doctor, now you are a good civil sort of a Fellow, but as for your Brethren there above Stairs, they are the most incorrigible Set of Rascals I ever met with, to insult a *strange Gentleman*, in such opprobrious Language. — Honest Man, continued he, there's a Vessel called (if I don't mistake) the *Siamcapster*, just come from the Oriental or Eastern Part of the Globe; which Vessel, for some particular Reasons best known to myself, I would fain be carried to. — Sure, Master, says the Waterman, you must be mistaken, there's no such Ship, as that you mention in the River *Thames*; but I fancy, your Honour means, the *Siam* Indiaman, Captain *Steer*, which is just come from *Coast and Bay*, to her Moorings at *Black-*
H *wall.*

wall. — Ay, says the Doctor, I believe you are right, Friend : — How long shall we be travelling to her, do'st conceive ? — Why, an't please your Honour, quoth he, as the Tide is just at Ebb, and we have a fresh Breeze a-stern, I'll be bound to clap you aboard in half an Hour. — The Doctor did not well understand some Words the Waterman made use of, but however he nodded assent, and the Waterman plied his Oars so well, that, having Wind and Tide, he soon reached the *Siam*.

The Doctor being rather of a corpulent Fabric, had some Difficulty in ascending her Sides ; but by the Help of a Rope put under his Arms, he was hoisted on board ; when accosting the first Mate, Sir, says he, my Name is Doctor *Simpleton*, and hearing of your Arrival, I am come from *London* on purpose to interrogate if you have brought from abroad any Exotics, or Curiosities in the Animal or Vegetable Kingdoms. Sir, replied the Mate, I really don't know your Meaning, but if you'll please to step abaft, you'll find the Captain
in

in his Cabbin. — The Doctor did not relish the Word abaft; however he followed the Mate, who went before, and opened the Cabbin Door for him. The Captain rose to receive him, and desired to know his Business. — Sir, answered he, my Name is Dr. *Simpleton*, and I have exposed myself to the turbulent Dangers of the Water, and come in a Boat all the way from *Wapping*, on purpose to know if you have imported any Exotics, or Curiosities, in the Animal or Vegetable Kingdoms? I am now aggregating a grand Collection of the *Materia Physica*; and if you can accomodate me with either Conches, Fossils, Minerals, Zoophytes, Astroites, Lithophytes, Dendrophores, or any other of the stupendous Productions of Nature, to enrich my Cabinet withal, I shall esteem it a Favour, and will buy them on your own Terms. The Captain, who had listned to him the whole Time with great Attention, could scarcely refrain from laughing out-right. But composing his Features as well as he could, and being willing to carry on the Joke; Doctor *Simpleton*, said he, You're welcome — you do me Honour.

—'Tis true, I have a very precious Collection of Rarities, which I intended to reserve for my own Use; but I cannot refuse them to so celebrated a Genius as Doctor *Simpleton*. And I doubt not but I shall be able to furnish myself with a fresh Supply in our next Trip to the *Indies*. Therefore, Doctor, if you'll repose yourself awhile in this Chair, after the terrible Fatigues of your Voyage, I'll order my whole Stock to be laid before you, which you shall be at Liberty to purchase in Gross or in Part, as you think proper; and so saying, he left the Doctor, highly overjoyed at the Captain's Civility, and his good Fortune in meeting with such inestimable Treasures as he should shortly be Master of. In about ten Minutes the Captain returned, and with him half a Dozen of the Crew, who displayed their respective Burthens on the Floor. There says the Captain, there are Curiosities, Doctor, fit to grace the Closet of a Prince; and, indeed, some of them were taken out of the *Great Mogul's* Repository. For you must know, Doctor *Simpleton*, that his Highness, when I had last the

Honour

Honour to kiss his Hand, understanding that I was a Connoisseur in these Matters, insisted on my accepting them in token of his Regard for me. Indeed! cried the Doctor! Sir, answered the Captain, you may believe what I say. Well, says the Doctor, if it is but true, I shall be the happiest Virtuoso of the Age. Sir, says the Captain, to convince you that it is true, and that all those on the left-hand Side were given me by the mighty Emperor of *Mogul*; see, here's a Catalogue of them written with his own Hand, which I'll read to you in English.

Imprimis. The Right-hand-thumb-nail of *Confucius*, the *Chinese* Philosopher.

2. A Piece of Mortar from the great Wall, built by the Emperor *Chiobamti*, to keep out the *Tartars* from his Dominions.

3. The said Emperor's Tooth-pick.

4. The Sultaness of *Mindanao*'s Pin-cushion.

5. The *Great Mogul*'s Tobacco-stopper.

H 3

6. A

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6. A Bird's-nest from the *Phlippines*, which makes delicious Soup.
7. A petrified Lobster, from *China*.
8. The Tail of an Unicorn.
9. A petrified Pickaninny, or *Indian* Child.
10. The Embryo of a Rhinoceros.
11. The Skeleton of a Cinnamon Leaf.
12. The hinder Leg of a Tarantula.
13. A Cockle-shell, from the *Streights of Magellan*.
14. The Bamboo Walking Cane of *Tow-how-cham*, King of the *Darian Indians*.
15. The Empress of *Mogul's* Chamber-p—t, curiously wrought out of a Cocoa-Nut.
16. A Piece of Plumb-pudding Stone.
17. An Instrument to rub the Backs of the *Indian* Ladies.
18. A dried Frog and Toad from *Batavia*.
19. The Skin of a Cannibal.
20. A *Chinese* Farthing Candle ; with many more Articles of equal Curiosity, too tedious to mention.

Well, says the Doctor, I'll have 'em all,

all, cost what they will — Name your Conditions, Captain, at a Word. — At a Word, then, replied the Captain, they are your's for one hundred Guineas. The Doctor hugged himself at the Thought of buying them so cheap, for he expected to be asked Treble that Sum at least ; so calling for Pen, Ink, and Paper, he wrote a Draught on his Banker in the City, and presenting it to the Captain, here, Sir, says he, is a Draught on Mr. *Currence*, in *Lombard-street*, for the Money, which when you have received, pray order my Purchase to be lodged with him : But I beseech you, let particular Care be taken in packing them up, lest they should receive any Damage by the Removal. The Captain assured him of all possible Care ; and the Doctor being very well satisfied with his Bargain, and fearing lest the Captain should alter his Mind, and think he had parted with them upon too cheap Terms, made his Congee, and hurrying into the Boat, returned to Town. At his Landing, the conscientious Waterman demanded only a single Guinea for his Fare, alledging that every Gentleman gave it ; and the Doctor paid him without further Scruple.

H 4

ple. The next Morning, being impatient to view his valuable Acquisition, he went to the Banker, and upon enquiring after his Curiosities, found a Letter left there for him in their stead, which was to this Effect.

“ DOCTOR,

“ **I** Am a Man of too much Honour
 “ to make any Advantage of your
 “ Simplicity. The Things, for which
 “ you gave me the inclosed Draught on
 “ *Currence* and Co. for 100 Guineas,
 “ I never valued at five Farthings. I
 “ could not have forgiven myself, if I
 “ had carried on so gross an Imposi-
 “ tion. I do not know what Reasons
 “ you may have, for making so high
 “ Estimation of these Baubles, but
 “ if you will give me the Favour of
 “ your Company to Dinner at my
 “ House in *Fenchurch-street* To-mor-
 “ row, you shall be welcome to the
 “ whole Cargo for nothing, and some
 “ other things beside of intrinsic Value,
 “ as Curiosities, and worthy to adorn
 “ your Cabinet.”

The

The Doctor waited on him accordingly, to Dinner, and after a very polite Reception, left him, highly pleased with his Entertainment, astonished at the Captains generous Behaviour, and loaded with as many Rarities, as himself and two Porters could carry away.

This, Madam, continued Doctor *Degagee*, is an Example of one of these plodding Geniusses, who, when-ever they deign to step from their Cells, into the open World, find themselves intermixt with a Race of Beings to whom they are equally unknown, and contemptible.

H 5 C H A P.

C H A P. XV.

*Neglected Beauty now is priz'd by Gold;
 And sacred Love is basely bought and sold.
 Wives are grown Traffic, Marriage is a
 Trade;*

*And when a Nuptial of two Hearts is made,
 There must of Moneys too a Wedding be,
 That Coin, as well as Men, may multiply.*

RANDOLPH.

THE Doctor was proceeding in his Reflections, when the Maid intruded, to acquaint Mrs. *Cobham* that Miss *Biddy* was awake, and desired to see her. Upon which the Doctor's Attendance was requested, and going up Stairs they found Miss in good Spirits; she only complained of a slight Pain in her Head; but was very importunate at the same time for something to eat; being seized, as she exprest herself, with a most immoderate Fit of Hunger. Oh—says the Doctor, if that's the Case, Miss, you have no farther occasion for me. The Cook I believe will be your best Physician. Mrs. *Cobham* was
 of

of the same Opinion; and Miss soon after having obtained Permission to leave her Bed, fell heartily to work on a roast Fowl, which proved so efficacious a Medicine, as to restore her to perfect Health. Mrs. *Cobham* dismissed the Doctor, with a handsome Gratuity; and the Remainder of the Evening she spent in humouring the Curiosity of her Daughter, who was very inquisitive to know every Particular that had befallen them. They both admired Sir *Harry's* Conduct upon this Occasion; and Miss was quite impatient for his Return from *France*, when he had promised them a Visit. She asked her Mother a thousand Questions about his Stature, Person, and Dress, the Colour of his Hair, and other Particulars, of no great Consequence to any but herself; and told her with a Sigh, she longed excessively to see and thank the Man whose tender Care, had, in all likelyhood, been the Means of preserving her Life. The next Morning they set out in Sir *Harry's* Chariot; and Miss desiring to hear some account of her Aunt, that she might the better know how to accomodate her Behaviour; Mrs. *Cobham* replied, your Aunt,
my

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my Dear, was scarcely Sixteen when she married Mr. *Traffic*, her late Husband, at that Time a wealthy Merchant in *London*. The Charms of an immense Fortune on one Side, and on the other, the Want of a Nurse to tend him constantly, (for he was hardly ever free from the Gout) were the sole Motives that brought them together; and consequently an Union, founded upon such sordid Views, could not possibly be attended with any real Felicity. Indeed could it be otherwise expected than that their Life should be one continued Scene of Discord, when a Woman like her, in the Hey-day of her Blood, whose gay and restless Spirits called loudly for all the lively Enjoyments of her Sex, had thus conjoined herself, for Life, to a Man labouring under all the Infirmities of Sixty-three, and a lingering Disorder? What Woman, of her Youth and Vivacity, could be supposed capable of bearing with his Starts of Petulance and Inquietude? Or of cherishing with the fond Endearments of *Love*, a Man whose unhappy Constitution of Body, would rather make her loath or pity him?

Her

Her Distaste broke out in numberless Instances; of which I cannot but mention one, remarkable for its Singularity. Mr. *Traffic* had a Greyhound of the *Italian* Breed, which he was doatingly fond of, insomuch that he seemed to have transferred the Caresses due to this Lady, and bestowed them all upon this favourite Animal. He fed it with his own Hands, permitted it to repose on a Velvet Sofa by the Fire-side, and even insisted on its sharing a third Part of his Bed. Such extraordinary Marks of Esteem, with which the happy Brute was so continually distinguished, attracted the Envy of Mrs. *Traffic*, who knew she had a prior Right to them. And the last Indulgence, of lying in the same Bed with her roused her Indignation, and prompted her to an Act of Vengeance, which made a deeper Impression on her Husband's Heart than she was aware of. She had often entreated him to remove that Nuisance from her Bed, and was as often peremptorily denied; she even mixed Threats with Entreaty; and this induced the old Gentleman one Day, when a horrible Pain in his Toe, and a Fit of the Spleen had ruffled his Temper, to threaten,
that

that if she presumed to exercise any Violence against his little *Belvidere*, he would make her severely repent of it. . This Menace exasperated her beyond all Patience; and the very next Day she privately conveyed poor *Belvidere* out of it's Sanctuary, in its Master's Chamber, ordered it to be killed, and she herself served up it's Head in a Fricassée at Dinner, with this Sarcastm, " There, " Sir, see the Head of your cursed Favourite Smoaking on the Table, and " now, do your Worst, for I am satisfied"—Whether the Sight was offensive to his delicate Stomach, or his Grief excessive for the irreparable Loss, I know not, but he fainted away, and from that Instant kept his Bed till the time of his Death, which happened in about six Weeks after that of his unfortunate *Belvidere*. Tho' Mrs. *Traffic*'s Passions were so ungovernable, yet upon cool Reflection, she could not but detest herself for so mean a Revenge. She attended her Husband during his last Illness, with all the tender Offices of a good Wife, even to the Detriment of her own Health. It is imagined he was fully sensible of her Con-

Contrition for the Pain she had created him; for he left her in Possession of his whole Fortune, which is a very large one; besides her real and personal Estate here in *England*, She has Effects, in the Hands of two Merchants, Partners in *France*, to the amount of several Thousands. After the Death of Mr. *Traffic*, which she regretted with a becoming Sorrow, her Temper seemed to undergo a thorough Alteration; and perhaps it was in compliment to her deceased Husband's Memory, that, contrary to her former Aversion to the canine Species, she grew passionately enamoured of those Animals; and procured, and has ever since maintained at great Expence, two dozen Spaniels of foreign Breed; with whose wanton Frolics she amuses many a solitary Hour. She is particularly regular in her Family-discipline, and permits no Body to sit up after Eight in the Evening; at which Hour she constantly goes to bed herself, and rises usually at Four or Five in the Summer. Two Hours after rising, her Dogs, whom she calls by the familiar Name of Masters and Misses, are all taken into the Garden,

by

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by a Maid-servant, who has a Salary for that purpose; and who runs three or four Heats with them round the whole Circumference, by way of a Breathing or Exercise; after which they are served with their Breakfast, and then introduced to pay their Mistress a Morning Visit at her Tea-table. Her particular Favourites, and such as demean themselves with Peace and Sobriety, are distinguished by receiving a Piece of Bread and Butter from her own Hands; and a Rod is placed on her Table, to punish all Indecorums, and Misbehaviour. They eat a slight Supper, at seven in the evening, and are then conducted to their Repose in a little Out-house adjoining to the Stable. They were some Years ago under the care of her Coachman, in whom she placed great Confidence, as an honest, sober Fellow. It happened there was some extraordinary Intimacy between *Richard* the Coachman, and *Susan* the Cookmaid. *Richard*, who disliked his Lady's early Custom of going to bed at Eight, for a long time found Means to solace himself till Midnight at an Ale-house hard by, and found

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found an easy Admittance on his Return, by favour of his Mistress *Susan*. By some Accident this Irregularity was discovered, and carried to his Lady's Ear, who the next Night determined to sit up herself, and watch the Time of his Return. About the usual Hour of Twelve, *Richard*, who that Night was very joyous, after taking in his full Lading of Strong beer, appeared at the Kitchen door, and gave the Signal of three soft Raps with his Heel, to announce his Arrival. Madam observed him by the clear Light of the Moon, and raising the Sash directly above, she began to expostulate in Terms of Anger and Reproach. *Richard*, not at all dismayed, interrupted her with saying, What, Madam are you there? you needn't ha' given yourself the Trouble to sit up on my account; honest *Sue* could have let me in; but since 'tis your Ladyship's kind Will and Pleasure so to do, pray for G—ds sake come down presently, and open the Door, for I'm d——n'd sleepy, and half starved with cold.

In.

Infolent Wretch! answered *Mrs. Traffic*, how dare you talk to me in this manner, but begone, I say, begone this Instant from my House, and never darken these Doors again. Hey dey! says *Richard*, what you won't let me come in then, hah? No, you drunken Sot, replied she, get about your Business. Well then cried *Richard*, if so be you won't let me come in, I'll e'en go directly, and hang up all your d——n'd Masters and Misses, lay the carcases of the filthy Devils under your Window, and take Possession of their Straw Bed for myself. He was preparing to be as good as his Word, when *Mrs. Traffic*, trembling for her dear little Creatures, conjured him, if he had any Gratitude, or Regard for her, not to put his barbarous Resolve into Execution. And running down to the Door very expeditiously, she opened it, and gave him Harbour for that Night, but took care to get rid of so desperate and troublesome a Guest, as soon as possible. This, my Dear, is a short Sketch of your Aunt's History, and exclusive of this little Foible, to which the
Cust-

Custom of too many Ladies gives a Precedent, but which is the more excusable in her, as it may proceed from her Regard to Mr. *Traffic's* Memory; you will find her in all other Respects possessed of many excellent Qualities. She is generous, hospitable, and benevolent, and receives the daily Blessings of an hundred poor Inhabitants in the Neighbourhood, whom her Bounty supports. Miss returned her Mother abundant Thanks for these Anecdotes relating to her Aunt, which furnished them with ample Subject of Conversation, the remaining Part of the Journey. And after meeting with no further remarkable Occurrence, they arrived safe at Mrs. *Traffic's* House, who received her Sister and Niece with open Arms.

C H A P. XVI.

————— *Fie upon these
Unsanctify'd Matches! they make us loathe
The most natural Desire our Grandam Eve
e're left us :*

*Force one to marry against her Will? why 'tis
A more ungodly Work, than enclosing the
Commons.*

— WEBSTER.

LET Imagination now transport us to *London*, amidst the worshipful Society of the *Britwychnodmrions*. And see,—Mr. President has already taken the Chair; he is entered upon the weighty Business of the Day, and the Account of Disbursements lies before him, according to order. Upon inspecting which Account, he finds that *Harry Cobham* Esquire, is, for fundry large Quantities of Powder, Ball, Musquets, Swivels, Pateraroes, and other Implements of War, made Debtor to the *Britwychnodmrion* Society, six hundred, fifty and four Pounds, fifteen Shillings, and Five-pence-half-penny.

Mr.

Mr. *Cobham* rubbed his Eyes, and reviewed the Bill over and over again. Indeed, he almost suspected that the Charge upon several Articles therein mentioned, was rather too exorbitant. — But, being informed by his very good Friend Mr. *Bromley*, that the present vast Demand for all those Particulars had greatly enhanced their Price, he was very well satisfied as to that Point. And the only Circumstance that now perplexed him was, how he should raise five hundred Pounds; for his whole Stock in ready Cash, amounted to little more than two hundred, which he immediately caused to be paid them. After much Ruminatation, and some Scruples which Necessity surmounted, he determined to apply to his Neighbour, Mr. *Tripartite*; who he conjectured would supply him with that, or a much larger Sum, upon receiving a good *per Cent.* for it. He therefore wrote to him directly, and the next Post brought him the following Answer.

“ SIR,

“ SIR,

“ **Y**OURS of the——*ult.* I re-
 “ ceived; and as for your Ten-
 “ der of Fifty *per Cent.* for the Loan of
 “ five hundred Pounds, I have only this
 “ to say, that I never lend Money for
 “ illegal Interest, having been too
 “ long conversant in Matters of Law,
 “ not to dread the Penalty that
 “ such Extortion and Usury would in-
 “ cur. However, I am willing to
 “ advance the Sum you want, upon
 “ easier Considerations. I am now
 “ Seventy and upwards; and, by a
 “ strict and industrious Attention to
 “ Business for forty Years past; have
 “ amassed together a competent For-
 “ tune. Now, I am very conscious, that
 “ albeit the Duty I owe to Society is
 “ by this Means in Part discharged;
 “ yet the principal End of my Crea-
 “ tion, or in other Words, the Propa-
 “ gation of the Species remains yet to be
 “ accomplished. As I propose there-
 “ fore, in a little while, to retire from
 “ the Hurry and Cares of Business,
 I

“ I am looking out for an agreeable
“ Wife; to the End, that I may
“ procreate, or beget an Heir to my
“ Estate; after which I shall spend the
“ Remainder of my Days in Tranquil-
“ lity and Ease. It now remains,
“ that I propose this Alternative to you.
“ You have a Daughter, young and
“ comely as I understand, and of a
“ towardsly Disposition—On Condition
“ that you give me her Hand in Holy
“ Wedlock, I will on the very Day after
“ our Marriage pay or cause to be paid
“ to you the principal Sum of five hun-
“ dred Pounds—If you care not to
“ accede to this advantageous Offer,
“ my other Proposition is this—I will
“ lend you five hundred Pounds, pay-
“ able in three Months; for which
“ you shall convey to me that Part of
“ your Estate, which joins to my Park-
“ Wall, as a Security for Repayment
“ of the same, with Interest of five
“ *per Cent.* Upon either of the above
“ Conditions, and no other, will I
“ furnish you with the five hundred
“ Pounds. Therefore, consider upon
“ it, and let me have an Answer short-
“ ly; for I have two other young
“ Damsels

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“ Damsels in my Eye, who will an-
“ swer *my purpose* of *marrying*, equal-
“ ly as well.

“ I AM,

“ *Your very humble Servant,*

“ NICHOLAS TRIPARTITE.

“ *P. S.* As you see I am ready to serve
“ you in your Distress, I dare say you
“ will not scruple to compliment me
“ with the trifling Sum of forty or
“ fifty Guineas, to make up for the
“ Loss I may sustain, in selling out of
“ the public Funds to supply you.”

Mr. *Cobbam* read the Letter to the Society, for their Opinion. He told them, he was very unwilling to part with one Inch of his paternal Estate, as this would have too much the Appearance of giving up his Property; which, as a *True Briton*, he could never consent to. He therefore thought, upon the Whole, it would be more adviseable to dispose of his Daughter in Marriage to a Gentleman so vastly her Superior

Superior in point of Fortune; and who would undoubtedly make no Hesitation to oblige his Father-in-law, upon a similar and future Occasion. The Society accorded to his Opinion, and Mr. *Cobham* wrote a peremptory Order to his Wife, “enjoining her, to come
“up to *London* immediately with his
“Daughter *Sophy*: For that the wealthy Mr. *Tripartite* had made Proposals of Marriage, so extremely advantageous to her, and the Family in general, that he could not but accept them; and therefore conjured her to set out instantly, on receiving this Notice, that the Nuptials might be celebrated without Delay.”

It is easier for the truly generous Reader to imagine, than for me to express, the Astonishment this Letter occasioned in *Wiltshire*. Conceive, if you can, the Horrors, the Apprehensions, and Distress of a blooming young Virgin, delicate in her Manners and Sentiment, thus threatened by a rash, inconsiderate Father, to be sacrificed, to that Idol Gold. The two elder Ladies, immediately

diately held a Cabinet-Council, to strike out some way, of eluding this hateful Marriage, which, though enforced by the Authority of a Husband and Father, both Mrs. *Cobham* and her Daughter were equally averse, and determined never to consent to—After various Schemes, which were successively brought upon the Tapis, canvassed, and rejected as impracticable; good Heavens be praised, cried Mrs. *Traffic*, I have hit on a Method, which I'm in hopes you will have no Objection to. You must know Messieurs de *St. Esprit*, and *Germain*, the two Merchants at *Boulogne* in whose Hands I had considerable Effects, have lately failed, on the Loss of several Vessels taken by the *English*. I had therefore proposed to send my Steward over to accept the Composition, and settle my Affairs. But as my Niece is menaced with so shocking a Misfortune, let us e'en resolve to loose no Time, but take a trip to *France* ourselves, where we may continue, till my Brother *Cobham* is restored to his Senses. What say you, Sister, is it agreed? It is, replied Mrs. *Cobham*, and I hope we shall be very
happy

happy in our Exile, knowing it to be the Means of delivering our dear Girl from Misery. Oh, I doubt not, says Mrs. *Traffic*, but we shall pass our time very pleasantly; besides we shall in all likelihood meet with some of our country-folks. Sir *Harry Bellair* is gone thither on the same Errand, he too is so unfortunate as to have lost to a very capital Amount, by the Failure of these Merchants—Indeed! says Miss *Sophia*, I assure you then Madam if Sir *Harry* is there it will be a double Inducement to us to accept your Proposal; for we can never sufficiently acknowledge his genteel Behaviour to us in our late Distress. Well, replies Mrs. *Traffic*, it may be so, for ought I know; but let us by all means contrive to run away tomorrow; and as to my Brother's Letter, I think, Sister *Cobham*, it would be proper you should write an Answer immediately; in which you may acquaint him “if you please, “that I have engaged “you and my Niece to make a Tour “with me to *Boulogne*; from whence we “shall return as soon as my Affairs are “compromised. That we humbly apprehend, the Bride-groom, let his

I 2 *Passions*

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“ *Passions* be ever so *violent*, can have
 “ no possible Objection to waiting two
 “ or three Months longer for his Bride ;
 “ after which the matrimonial Busi-
 “ ness may be concluded, without fur-
 “ ther *Demurr.*” Some what to this
 Effect, may lull my Brother’s Suspi-
 cion asleep, and set his Heart at rest
 for the present ; and as for old *Tripar-*
tite, I know the Brute so well, that,
 (if he be seriously resolved upon Marry-
 ing,) he shall no sooner hear the News
 of our Departure, but he’ll enter into a
 Treaty of Alliance elsewhere, and pro-
 vide himself with a Wife, long enough
 before our return from *Boulogne*.

H A P.

C H A P. XVII.

—————*in Love are Wars,*
And Cupid has his Camp as well as Mars.
Soldiers, and Lovers, with a careful Eye,
Observe the Motions of the Enemy :
One to the Walls makes his Approach in form,
Pushes the Siege, and takes the Town by storm ;
The other lays his, close to Kitty's Fort,
Presses his Point, and gains the wish'd-for
Port.

CROM. OV. DE AMOR.

MRS. Cobham entirely acquiesced with her Sister's Advice. The Ladies concerted their Measures, as had been previously agreed upon, and the very next Day began their Jaunt ; which leaving them to pursue, let us see in what Manner the Squire received his Wife's Intimation of their Journey. To find his Orders disobeyed gave a sensible Mortification to his Pride ; which was the more aggravated, as the present Expedience of his Affairs required an immediate Supply of Cash ; and this he had very wisely proposed to

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raise by marrying his Daughter to a worthless, superannuated Wretch ; a Complication of Disease, Avarice, and Brutality. But above all, their Intention to go to a Town in *France*, to throw away their Money amongst a People he mortally hated, gave him the bitterest Disquietude. In the Moment of his fiery Indignation, he almost resolved to tear them from his Heart, and disclaim all future conjugal or parental Connection with his Wife and Daughter. After labouring under all the various Turmoils and Struggles of Rage and Disappointment, he convoked the Society ; informed them of this Incident, and told 'em, there yet remained one Means ; and that was, to close with the other Alternative proposed by *Tripartite* : For which purpose, he designed, with their Approbation, to set out the ensuing Day, and receive the Money ; since the present Exigency of their Affairs demanded a Reinforcement of Coin at any rate. The Society applauded his steady Prosecution of so generous a Scheme, which they said, would redound to his immortal Honour,
and

and ensure to him the Praise and Benediction of Posterity.

Mr. *Cobham*, who wanted no other Incentive to spur him on in the vigorous Pursuit of his Measures, but reflection that his Country might possibly receive some Emolument from them; set forth the next Day, with great Alacrity, for *Fox-Hall*, Mr. *Tripartite's* Seat in *Kent*. Upon the Road he overtook a large Body of Recruits, who were marching, with an Officer at their Head, to quarter in the same Town, where he intended Dining. At Sight of so many brave Fellows, his Heart bounded with Joy—and civilly accosting the Officer, he entered into Discourse with him, about the Posture of the public Affairs; which continued, without Intermission, till they reached the Inn. But I abhor Prolixity, and therefore do not chuse to introduce this political Dialogue; albeit it doth abound with divers apt Remarks, Devices rare, and marvellous wise Conjectures. At their Arrival, Mr. *Cobham* gave the Officer a pressing Invitation to dine with him; which the other, being immensely di-

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verted with his new Companion, accepted. As the Captain is a very extraordinary Genius, it may not be unpleasing to the Reader, to hear some Account of him. Captain *Meggot*, then, is one of those happy Beings, whose restless Souls are never indolent or unactive. A constant, regular, and exalted Flow of Spirits, joined to an uninterrupted good State of Health, are the Source of this *Perpetual Motion*. The Captain is quite finished in all those taking Perfections that can recommend one Man to another, or to the Fair-Sex. A chearful Serenity of Temper, an inoffensive Mirth, and a willing Readiness to oblige, are the Qualifications that make him the Fiddle of every little Party which he mingles in. As he has, from the Age of Fifteen, been a Youth of profest Gallantry, the various Intrigues he recounts, would, if committed to Paper, swell to a dozen Folios; there's hardly a female Transgressor of any notable Figure in Town or Country, but he claims some Acquaintance with. In short, altho' the Captain has, by public Asseverations,

in

in the Hearing of many People, debauched two Dutcheffes, one Maid of Honour, and twenty other Ladies of Quality, besides Milk-maids, Chamber-maids, and Milliners without Number; yet, there are very few that have heard him declare all this, and knew him well, but believe sincerely that our Captain, so far from having been actually so successful in his Amours, would, in Reality, detest the Thought of seducing any Woman of Virtue to Infamy or Ruin. But what chiefly makes for his Honour, whether his Accounts be true or fictitious, is, that, in all his Declarations, he never once presumed to mention, or, by the most distant Hint, would reveal the Names of such Ladies as were supposed to have yielded up their Charms to his triumphant Address. In short, tho' it gave him infinite Pleasure to boast of Favours, which he never received; yet, when urged to descend to Particulars, and confirm the Truth of his Assertions by a Disclosure of the Ladies Names, "No, Gentlemen, (he would reply) "may I perish in the very Moment my "Lips shall dare to utter the inviolable

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“ Secret. Know, I have too much
“ Gratitude to betray the dear Crea-
“ ture who *has* done me the good Turn,
“ and too much Honour to blast the
“ Reputation of any Woman *who*
“ *has not.*” Whenever, therefore, the
Captain related the History of his a-
morous Conquests, it was generally re-
ceived as an agreeable Romance, in-
vented by him purely to raise a Laugh,
and divert his Company withal. Be-
side the Advantage of a genteel Person,
which is a never failing Pass-port to the
Fair-Sex, the Captain could execute,
with great Judgment and Harmony, on
the Violin ; he frequently accompanied
the Ladies at their Harpsicord, and
was ravish’d into Paradise, when they
desired him to take Part in a Duet.
One might be apt to suspect, that as the
Fire of Youth is so diametrically re-
pugnant to the Frost and Chill of old
Age, the Captain, so lively, gay, and
debonair, would seldom be seen to
attract the Regard of seventy Years
and upwards ; yet has he often been
noticed at the Coffee-house encircled
with a Group of antient Figures, at-
tentive

tentive to every Motion of his Lips,
whilst

——— *He spoke of most disastrous Chances,
Of moving Accidents by Flood and Field,
And Hair-breadth Scapes i'th' imminent
deadly Breach.*

Or entertained them with the Bravery of the *English* at the Battles of *Dettingen*, *Fontenoy*, and *Val*. At other times would he describe the Position of their Troops at such a Juncture; their regular Discipline, toilsome Marches, and all the Hardships of a long Campaign; then he would celebrate, with a zealous Warmth of Applause, the Accomplishments and Conduct of some Leaders; whilst, at the same time, he blamed in mildest Terms; and generously endeavoured to exculpate the known Defects and Misbehaviour of others. He usually brought up the Rear of his Tale, with a circumstantial Relation of his own Adventures, his providential Escapes, his Agility and Resolution, during an Engagement; not forgetting his pathetic Addresses to the Soldiery. With Subjects of this kind
the

the Captain has found means to make old Age his Friend and Admirer. — He possessed, in short, the happy Secret to establish himself in the Character of being a good-natured, facetious, and even sensible Man; and he has often been heard to say, “ That to attain to
 “ such a Character, we need do nothing
 “ more than to endeavour, and resolve
 “ to please, and be pleased with our
 “ Company.” A Man of this social Temper could not but be highly acceptable to Mr. *Cobham*; he was charmed with the Captain’s Conversation, and entreated the Favour of his Company at *Rufus-Hall*. The Captain overcome with the plain Sincerity and friendly Importunities of his new Acquaintance, yielded to his Invitation, and they set out the next Morning together. Mr. *Cobham*, soon after their Arrival, betook himself to *Tripartite’s*, where Miss *Kitty Gaylove* received him very politely; and informed him her Uncle was then assisting at a Commission held about forty Miles distance; but, she believed, would return in three or four Days at the farthest; and in the mean time, she

she hoped Mr *Cobham* would treat her with no Ceremony, but make use of her Uncle's House as his own. Mr. *Cobham* replied, that, as his Wife and Daughter were both absent from home, he found himself very much disposed to accept her kind Invitation, on this Proviso, that he might be allowed to bring with him a worthy Officer and Friend of his. To this Miss *Kitty* had no Objection, and the Gentlemen paid their Visits very regularly once a Day, till *Tripartite's* Return; which I doubt not, but the Majority of my polite Readers, (who think their Affection sufficiently exprest, if they visit a Friend and Neighbour *once* in a *Twelve-month*) will be apt to *smile* at. I must therefore impute this Assiduity to the real and true Cause; and this was neither more nor less than a secret Fellow-feeling, which even on so short, and slight an Intimacy glowed with mutual Ardour in the Hearts of Miss *Gaylove*, and the Captain. Miss, in whom the want of facial Charms, was competently supplied with good Sense, and other natural and acquired Qualifications, had, from her first *Tete-à-tete* with the gallant

lant Son of *Mars*, conceived a strong Prepossession in his Favour. This embryo Passion encreasing by swift Degrees, ripened at last into Maturity, and became that thing, denominated — Love. The Captain was not behind hand with the fair Inamorata. Miss performed with great Ability on the Harpsicord, her Voice was indifferently good; but her Taste and Judgment in vocal Music, excellent; in Company she was sprightly without Affectation; serious without Formality, and easy without being familiar. Exclusive of these happy Possessions which are so essential in perpetuating the connubial Felicity, Miss had 300*l.* *per. Annum* left her by her Grandfather, and expected some considerable Settlement, whenever her Uncle should give up the Ghost. All these Particulars, I must confess the Captain was no Stranger to; and I hope it will not be thought to derogate from the Sincerity of his Flame, when I mention that he had taken care to inform himself minutely from his Friend *Cobham* of every Circumstance relating to the young Lady. This Caution of
his,

his, before Matters were carried too far, as it was the Effect of a commendable Prudence, so, I could wish it, more generally practised: For I am fully convinced, that half the Broils, and Infelicities attendant on the conjugal State, are primarily owing to a disappointment of one or both the Parties, in respect of Fortune, Temper, or some other neglected Particular: And therefore it concerns all manner of Persons, who are inclined to enter into the holy Estate of Matrimony to consider every thing before-hand, with Deliberation and Prudence; and neither suffer themselves to be transported by the Rage of ungoverned Appetite; nor ensnared and cajoled by Appearances. And as the Importance of this Union is so great, as to affect the future Tranquility of our Lives, we cannot, in my Opinion, be too circumspect, or too inquisitive before we enter into it. Reader, if thou would'st avoid the Sting of disappointed Hopes, the Torture of mutual Repoach, the undying Remorse, and bitter Solitude which accompany, with all their Train of Horrors, those unhappy Couples, who blind
fold,

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fold, and heedless of Futurity have rashly plunged into the *fatal Abyss* of *Marriage*, Ponder well the moral Lesson I have given thee, and depend upon this for a Truth, that if young People were less precipitate, in a Matter of this Consequence,

*So many wretched Pairs would not, in vain,
Of joyless Days, and restless Nights complain.*

All this our Captain was fully apprized of; and finding, upon due Enquiry, that he was *marching* on *firm Ground*, he carried on his *Attack* with great Vigour. And, in short, within a few Days, had made, so considerable *Advances*, that he conceived great Hopes the *Besieged* would soon be brought to *Capitulate* upon *honourable Terms*.

C H A P.

C H A P. XVIII.

*How strange a Paradox is here revealed!
The Victor flies, the Vanquish'd keeps the
Field.*

ANON.

THINGS were in this flourishing Situation with the Captain, when Mr. *Tripartite* having now dispatched the Business that had called him from home, returned to *Fox-Hall*. Mr. *Cobham* informed him of the Step his undutiful Wife had taken; and that consequently he could not have the Honour of being allied to him so soon as he had flattered himself. Indeed, says *Tripartite*, between you and I, Friend *Cobham*, I am not sorry for it. To say the Truth, I think your Daughter is rather too green in Years. And tho' I cannot deny but she might prove a most excellent Breeder, yet I'm afraid she would be somewhat awkward in the Management of a large Family. This I thought of since I made the Proposal of taking her to Wife; and

and I have now in my Eye two more Damsels of equal Perfections, who are young, full of the animal Spirits, and fruitful as the Vine, I'll warrant 'em. — One of those, (I am not quite resolved on which) I intend to wed; and shall for that purpose, when my Choice is fix'd, treat with her Parents, and consummate our Nuptials in a few Days.

Mr. *Cobham* wished him all the Blessings of a numerous Progeny; and desired that, as he could not accede to the first of the Conditions specified in his Letter, he would be so obliging to furnish him with the Five hundred Pounds on the other. Accordingly he executed a Deed, whereby he conveyed to the said *Tripartite* all that Part of his Estate adjoining to the said Park-wall, to hold to him, his Heirs and Assigns for ever; with a Condition, that on Payment of the said five hundred Pounds and Interest, in one Month from the Date, the same should be of no Effect. And here I doubt not, Mr. Reader, but you will join with me in Admiration of Mr. *Tripartite's* surprising *Probity, Honour,*
and

and *Generosity*; he very *freely* advances the Sum of five hundred Pounds to a needy Friend, expects only the pitiful Gratuity of *Fifty Guineas*, exclusive of Principal and Interest, and limits the Payment to *one Month*; in Failure of which the *whole Estate* of Squire *Cobham* must become absolutely *vested* in him.—To proceed, Mr. *Cobham* received the Cash, signed the Instrument, and the Captain, at his Request, was a subscribing Witness—After this Transaction, at *Tripartite's* earnest Entreaty, they agreed to crack a Bottle, and spend the Evening with him. *Tripartite*, who discerned by his military Habit, the Profession of *Harry's* Friend, was a good deal embarrassed at the Sight; since *his* Presence, would naturally lay some Restraint on his Tongue; and yet he was exceedingly desirous of disputing with Mr. *Cobham's* Principles.

Under this Dilemma, he thus addressed the Captain. I see, Sir, by your Dress, you follow the noble Profession of Arms; you eat King *George's* Bread, and therefore are bound to serve him: But as for Master *Cobham* here, he is
a

a meer *Methodist*, or *Entbusiaſt* in *Loyalty*, and dedicates his Family, his Fortune, his Perſon, his Every-thing to this ſingle Conſideration; and yet, he expects nothing for all this; 'tis Pity King *George* knows nothing of his good Intentions; I am ſure if he did, he could do no leſs than preſent him with a Ribband or a Dukedom. But I am afraid that inſtead of a Collar, Neighbour *Cobham* will be more likely to meet with a Halter. For it ſeems he has lodged a confounded Quantity of Powder, Ball, and Arms in his Houſe; which occasions many ſtrange Surmiſes in theſe Parts; as being contrary to ſome Laws now in Force; and which I doubt, my honeſt Friend will be a little better acquainted with in a ſhort time. For I am told, a Meſſenger has been down here to make Enquiry about it. Now it will be a hard, and pitiful Caſe, if after all this mighty Expence, the poor Gentleman ſhould be *hanged* for his *Loyalty*, Ha! Captain? Sir, ſays the Captain, I cannot think this will be the caſe; for, from his Maſteſty's known Clemency, and Benevolence to his Subjects, I may ſafely infer

infer, that, upon hearing the true Motives of Mr. *Cobham's* Conduct, he would interpose between him and the Law; and, by some Acts of his Royal Bounty, make him a liberal Retribution of all Expences his faithful Attachment may have led him into.

This Observation of the Captain's was a bitter Crust to old *Nick*, who mumbled and chewed it for some time, not forgetting to drop a few loose Hints *now and then*, about,—Majesty of Common Laws——Subjects Rights absolute, and above Prerogative, &c. Mr. *Cobham* took Notice of the Discomposure in *Tripartite's* Looks, and thought this a proper Occasion to put in his Oar, and endeavour to humble him. So, assuming his usual Air of Intrepidity, I see, what *Tripartite* aims at, he would fain depreciate and expose in a ludicrous Light, that unwearied Fidelity, with which, through all the Tenor of my Conduct, I have ever been ambitious to serve the best, and best-beloved of Kings. And I will never hesitate to spend the last Drop of Blood in Defence of his sacred Majesty King
George,

George, our lawful Sovereign, and Protector of our Liberties and Religion, against all *French* Invaders, and *Papish* Pretenders whatsoever. Ha! ha! he! Interrupted *Tripartite*, affecting to laugh, that's a merry Conceit truly, Religion, and Liberty! Ha! ha! he! why prithee what's Religion, let me ask?—Why, Religion is nothing but a Bugbear, to keep Fools in awe! a meer *Inventum Humanum*, a political Bubble, contrived, like Marriage, to preserve Order and Decorum in a State. But for my Part, I see no occasion for any Religion at all, it is a Thing that has produced more Controversy and Bloodshed in the World than a little. And what are People the better for it? why, they are e'en just as wicked now as heretofore, and so will continue to the End of the World. And, pray—how is one to find out what the true Religion is, when the whole Universe is divided with *Turks, Jews, Christians, Heretics*, and a thousand other Sectaries; insomuch that there are, I think, as many different Persuasions, as Inhabitants on the Globe. In short, every one under the Sun, has a favourite Religion of his own, and
 fights

fights with his Neighbour because he won't profess the same. And hence those eternal Schisms, we are pestered withal, and which could never happen, if the Churches and Clergy were abolished, and People left to the Discipline of good wholesome Laws. Nay I would undertake, if both Houses of Parliament would but consent to pull down all religious Edifices whatever in this Kingdom, and appropriate the Materials of which they are built, together with all Church-plate, and Church-Lands, towards satisfying the Exigence of public Affairs, an inexhaustible Revenue would accrue, sufficient to pay off the National Debt; and ease us of those galling Taxes, which we are saddled with. — Ay, — There's your Liberty too, fine Liberty! where all the common Necessaries of Life, all we see, hear, touch, taste, and smell must be mulcted, to support a Family whose Succession to the Crown—— Peace thou scurrilous Reptile, (cried Mr. *Cobham*,) hold thy licentious Tongue, and refrain the Torrent of thy unjustifiable Abuse before Resentment prompts me to some Act of Vengeance, which may
make

make thee repent thy Insolence. Shall I with any Degree of Forbearance, hear my sacred Sovereign reviled by a contemptible Fellow, whose only Merit consists in an overgrown Estate! but whose Poverty of Gratitude makes him at the same time insensible of his Obligations to the happy Establishment which secures to him the free Possession of that Estate! Do you know, continued he, inconsiderate Man, that it is owing to the peculiar Mildness of that Government, which you treat so disrespectfully, that Men of such abandoned Principles as yourself are suffered to nestle undisturbed in the Land of Freedom, where being Strangers to the terrible Calamities of despotic Power, and papal Jurisdiction, you are pampered with the Indulgence, and grow wanton in the easy Enjoyment of your Luxuries! Hence it is you presume to scatter around you the rancorous Emanation of your Hearts, which is conceived in Ignorance, and fostered in Arrogance and Conceit.—It may seem perhaps to be altogether nugatory, to persist in Arguments, where one has to combat with blind, and willful Obstinacy; but

But I must, and will espouse the good old Cause. And in the first Place as to Religion, which you affirm to be so insignificant, you have in this Land of Liberty, the blest Toleration of electing for yourself; nor are we, as in most Nations abroad, obliged to conform to such irrational Tenets, such a preposterous Faith as common Sense must needs despise and reject. As for my part, I rejoice in my Priviledge of being born in a Country, which with its Interests I prefer to all private Consideration; and give it the Preference to all other States, because it excels all the rest of the World, in its Freedom, Religion, and Property: In Religion, in having all the Advantages of Education, and holy Writ laid before us in our native Language; in Property, in being subject to no Laws, to which we have not ourselves assented. As for your Favourite, the *Pretender*, there is no Man in *England* who understands the Constitution of his Country, that is at al' concerned who, or what he is.

*It matters not,
Of whom descended, or by whom begot.*

* “ We know very well he is not
 “ only lawfully excluded from what
 “ Estate his Parents, whoever they were,
 “ might have among us; but also
 “ from the Birthright and Freedom of
 “ an *Englishman*. The *Pretender* stands
 “ in our Law, a *Traitor to this Nation*,
 “ and we all remember him an *Inva-*
 “ *der* of it. By what Means, Methods,
 “ or Insinuations his Name has become
 “ so popular and familiar, is not easy
 “ for me to determine. This, I know

* The above Lines marked thus “ contain the Sentiments of the late Sir *Richard Steele*, which though they have been published before, yet being so necessary to be dispersed, and perused at the present Juncture, I could not but take the Freedom to insert, with some trifling but unavoidable Alterations; and though I am conscious their distinguished Beauty will make my Cousin *Cobham's* own Thoughts appear to much Disadvantage, yet the same superior Excellence, which must always render them pleasing to a *British* Eye, will, I hope excuse me with the Reader for reprinting them in this Place.

that

“ that *by all Laws, Divine and Human,*
“ he is an utter Stranger to us in e-
“ very Respect. But, as he is our *Ene-*
“ *my,* perhaps one Reason for his
“ having so many Well-wishers may
“ be, the Probability of his Conver-
“ sion to the Protestant Religion.
“ But the World has seen too much of
“ *Occasional Conformity* in Thrones, to
“ want Abhorrence of such an Expedi-
“ ent. It is astonishing, a Nation so
“ injured as ours has been, by these very
“ Means, under the inauspicious Reigns
“ of the *Stuarts,* should even bear the
“ mention of any thing which tends
“ this way. But it adds to our Security
“ against *this Insolent,* that the Suc-
“ cession to the Crown is settled on
“ the Family of a Prince who is *wise,*
“ *valiant,* and *rich.* The Liberties of
“ *Europe* are concerned against this gid-
“ dy Vagabond, and should he, by *fo-*
“ *reign* Force, be imposed upon us, that
“ Circumstance would determine the
“ Fate of our Neighbour Nations. It
“ is true, that *France* may, if she pleases,
“ go a great way towards imposing
“ him upon us; and might possibly
“ succeed in such an Attempt, if our

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“ other Neighbours should not, in our
 “ Time of Need, interpose to prevent
 “ it. I am sorry to say, that the In-
 “ terests of this Impostor, and his mak-
 “ ing an Attempt upon us one day,
 “ are too much the Subject of ordi-
 “ nary Discourse. But it behoves all
 “ honest Men, no longer to treat Per-
 “ sons, who advance Tenets favour-
 “ ing the late Invader of their Sove-
 “ reign and his Dominions, upon an
 “ equal foot in Conversation; but to
 “ oppose, and shun them as Accom-
 “ plices of him, whose Success is in-
 “ compatible with the Honour, the
 “ Property, the Religion, the Liberty
 “ of their Country. It would be ab-
 “ ject Meanness to be cold or indiffer-
 “ ent upon this Occasion. No,—they,
 “ who profess themselves true Friends
 “ to their King and Country, should all
 “ conjoin, as one Man, in a common
 “ Indignation against all who would
 “ perplex our Obedience, as faithful
 “ Subjects, and true *Britons*.” As for
 you, Mr. *Tripartite*, I am sorry, very
 sorry I have thrown myself under any
 sort of Obligation (if to have bor-
 rowed Money for an ample Equiva-
 lent

lent be any) to a Man of your detestable Principles ; and from henceforth I renounce all Commerce and Connection whatever with you. For it is impossible for me to carry any degree of Friendship towards a Man, who is, at Heart, an Infidel to his God, a Traitor to his Sovereign, and a Foe to his Country. And, saying this with a disdainful Look, he snatched up his Hat, and quitted the Room abruptly with the Captain, leaving his Opponent ready to burst with Rage, and Vexation.

C H A P. XIX.

*'Twixt Good and Ill, Dame Fortune shifts the
Scene,*

And now she frowns, and now she smiles agen.

ANON.

MR. Cobham continued a Fort-
night at *Rufus-Hall*, in company
with Captain *Meggot*, till the Captain
receiving an Order to repair to his Re-
giment, he was left alone. After the
Captain's Departure, he employed him-

ſelf for ſeveral Days, converting Windows into Port-holes for his little Cannon, and making other Diſpoſitions for a gallant Defence, in caſe of an Attack from the *French*. He then ſettled all the reſt of his houſehold Affairs; and having diſpatched a Letter to *Cutberd* ſometime before, intimating the Day he purpoſed ſetting out for *London* with the Caſh, he left his Houſe to the Care of two Servants, charging them to keep a good Look out; and mounting his Palfrey, ſet forward very early on the appointed Day. The Sun was not yet riſen, when paſſing by a narrow Defile, through a Wood, in his way, he was ſurprized with the Report of a Piſtol fired ſo near him from amongſt the Trees, that the Ball paſſed through one Corner of his Hat. Upon this he clapped Spurs to his Horſe, and was preparing to gallop out of Danger; when four Men, diſguiſed in Masks, ſtarted from a Thicket, and ſeized his Bridle. Two of them immediately hauled him down into the Dirt, a third led the Horſe with the Bags, in which his Money was deposited, out of ſight, and the fourth aſſiſted in riſing his Pockets, and dragging

ging him to a large Oak by the Wayside, to which they bound him fast, without speaking a Word, and made off in vehement Haste, as they heard some Voices at a small Distance.—These approaching still nearer gave Mr. *Cobham* some Hopes of Relief. Nor was he disappointed in his Expectation; for shortly after he descried a Jovial Crew of Sailors conducting along some prest Men. By dint of a good Pair of Lungs he at last *brought 'em to*; they answered with a general *Holloa*, and *Steering* their *Course* directly for the Tree, they soon *came up* with him, *uncoiled* the Rope, and disengaged him from his Imprisonment. But all this was not executed before the poor Gentleman had fully answered the several Interrogatories of, Who are ye, D—n ye? Whence came ye? and who *lash'd* ye to this Tree? Having given them full Satisfaction in these Particulars, *Tom Cat-call*, the Boatswain, tipping the Wink at another of his Mesmates, said, “ Body o’me, *Jack*, “ may be the Sons of Bitches have taken to the Water; thee know’st we “ met four Fellows that look’d as thoff “ they were bound that way.” And

then turning to Mr. *Cobham*, what d'ye say, Master, will you along with us? Let's after and give 'um Chase, mayhap we may come along-side of the Dogs, and split my Liver but wee'l do for 'um, we'll trim 'um, we'll make 'um do'ff the sheathing from their Faces, and down with their Colours, I'll warrant ye. Mr. *Cobham* who thought it not at all improbable, but that the Villains might fly to secrete themselves on board some Vessel in the River, and so make their Escape to a foreign Port, agreed to join in pursuit of them; which they continued with so much Expedition, that they found themselves in a short time by the Water-side, where their Barge lay in waiting. They had not put off long with Mr. *Cobham* and the imprest Men, but the Boatswain began; Sir, you don't know, perhaps, that you are our Prisoner. Now, as you cannot get out of our hands, and must go on board our Tender, I'll give you the Choice (as you're a good looking sort of a Man) either to accept his Majesty's royal Bounty, and enter yourself a Voluntier, or else to be prest into the Service willy-nilly, and get nothing

nothing by it. If you'll accept the Bounty, proceeded he, like an honest Fellow, and a brave *Englishman*, let us shake Fists, and you shall come off for a Crown Bowl of Punch, to drink his Majesty's Health. Never sure was poor Mortal in more Surprize than the Squire—To be kidnapped in such a Manner, and forced into the Service was base, he thought, and intolerable! However, as there was no Remedy but Patience, he consoled his Loss of Liberty with this Reflection. These honest Tars, thought he, are only discharging their Duty. Providence disposes all things for the best, and I'll be content to serve my King and Country even in the humble Station of a common Sailor. Better so, than wallow in Riches like *Tripartite*, and prove the Nuisance, and Poison of Society! Well, (he replied to the Boat-swain) 'tis true, you have played me a scurvy Trick, but I heartily forgive you, as your Duty was the only Motive to it. I disdain to take the Bounty, but am willing to serve his Majesty as a Voluntier.—That's great and generous, says *Cat-call*, slapping him on the

Shoulder, D—mn my Bowels if 't isn't.
 And, by G—d dye' mind me, you're a fine
 Soul, strike my Eyes if artn't.—And—
 (taking him by the Hand) 'Ill speak to
 our Captain, who, dye' take me, is as no-
 ble and honourable a Gentleman as ever
 trod upon Deck, and he shall give ye a
 good Birth dy'e fee, the first Opportu-
 nity, D—mn my Heart if he shan't.
 They were now in Sight of the Ten-
 der, when a large Ship, crouding all
 the Sail she could, directly crost their
 Way; and, notwithstanding their ut-
 most Endeavours to avoid her, ran foul
 of 'em, and overset their Barge.—
 Tho' this Accident might possibly hap-
 pen through the Pilot's want of Skill,
 yet it is more reasonable to suppose, that
 the Crew perceiving who were in the
 Barge, and not chusing to fall into the
 Clutches of a Press-gang, had done this
 by Design. The Sailors being in their
 own Element immediately got upon
 the Keel without Difficulty, where
 they sat uttering the most horrid, out-
 of-the-way, Imprecations against the
 Ships-Crew that ever were heard. And
 calling to them to throw out a Rope, and
 help to *right* their Barge again, this
 was

was soon complied with by the Captain's Order; and a Boat being immediately dispatched from the Ships-Side, the Gang, together with Mr. *Cobham* and the rest, were all providentially taken up, and not a Soul was lost.

Mr. *Cobham*, after being bled, and discharging a great Quantity of Water at his Mouth and Nostrils, began to revive from a kind of Trance into which this Misfortune had thrown him. He no sooner heard a Number of People chattering an unknown Gibberish, and saw himself environed on every Side by certain strange Figures, appearing to be Foreigners by their Dress, but he softly whispered to himself, what, do I owe my Life to *French* Rascals! to the Enemies of my Country? Oh! that I had perished in the great Deep! For better had it been to have died at once, than to live, to confess myself under Obligation to a *Frenchman*! Amongst the surrounding Croud he could not but take particular Notice of a young Gentleman, who wore an *English* Face, though somewhat disfigured with a Peruke *a-la-mode de Paris*,

ris, who seemed to interest himself in his Recovery, and had ordered some Cloaths of his own to be well aired, and brought him to put on. This Humanity and Care, together with a Cordial Draught of strong Flip, restored his Strength apace: So that in a short time he was able to sit upright in the Captain's great Chair, and began to converse, and enquire who his Benefactors were, to whom he was indebted for Life, for there seemed to him to be a Mixture of *French* and *English* in the Cabin. The same young Gentleman informed him, their Ship was called the *Medway Coaster*, bound from *Bologne* to *London*; that he himself was an *Englishman*; and those Foreigners he observed in the Cabin were *French* Protestants, and others of that Nation; who, on the Expectation of of a Rupture between the two Crowns, were come over to settle with their Families in *England*, preferring a spontaneous Exile, and the Free Exercise of their Religion here, to Priestcraft and Oppression in their own Country. Mr. *Cobbam* thanked him abundantly for his Information, and the generous
Care

Care he had taken in accommodating him with dry Cloaths. In the Midst of his Speech, directing his Opticks towards the Cabbin Door, he saw three Ladies, whose Faces he was very well acquainted with, just entring; one of whom had no sooner fixt her Eyes upon him, but she gave a loud Shriek and sunk down in a Swoon. The young Gentleman darted swift as Lightning to support her, and Mr. *Cobham*, weak as he was, endeavoured to crawl to her Assistance; and by the Application of proper Methods, she was very soon brought to Life again. I doubt not, but my sagacious Reader has by this time discovered Sir *Charles Bellair* in the Person of the young Gentleman, and is ready to suspect, that these three Ladies are no other than the Sister, Wife, and Daughter of Mr. *Cobham*. The Reader is certainly right in his Surmise, and this accidental Meeting, we may imagine, caused a Profusion of Tears and Joy to fall from all Parties.— I then Height of this affecting Scene came in *Tom Cat-call* the Boatswain, and half a Dozen of his Brethren, who, having

having reinflated his Barge, and laded out the Water, was collecting together his Prisoners ; many of whom, under favour of the Ship's Crew, had absconded into different Parts of the Hold, and lay snugly concealed. He would fain have dragged Mr. *Cobham* from his Sanctuary in the Cabbin ; but Sir *Charles* intervened, and acquainting him who Mr. *Cobham* was, and that his Captain, to whom he was no Stranger, should know the Insolence he had been guilty of, poor *Cat-call* dropt upon his Marrow-bones, most humbly craved their Honours Pardon for his Mistake, and hoped their Honours would forgive him an Offence, which was more the Effect of Ignorance, than wilful Intention. — Sir *Charles* admonished him to be more careful of impressing Gentlemen for the future, and promised, in Behalf of Mr. *Cobham* and himself, to take no further Notice of it, provided he would release all the Hands he had pressed on board of their Ship. He instantly complied with this, and returned to his Barge, well pleased that he had escaped on such easy Conditions, — Mrs. *Traffic* went aside

aside with her Brother, and represented his past Conduct in such a Light to him, that he was brought at last to confess, his Patriot Zeal had been carried to Lengths of Extravagance; — and he assured her, that for the future he would alter the Plan of his Conduct. He freely accused the Cruelty and Folly of his Intention, to have compelled his Daughter into Union with such a Wretch as *Tripartite*: He owned, he sincerely despised himself for so inconsiderate a Resolve, and the pecuniary Motive which influenced him to make it; and told her, he could never sufficiently extoll her Prudence and Kindness in taking *Sophy* with her to *Boulogne*, and rescuing her by this Means from the Jaws of Misery. — When she had thus brought him over to the full Conviction of his Errors, she took Occasion to insinuate, that a Gentleman of Sir *Charles's* Worth and Fortune would bid fairer to render her Niece happy than old *Tripartite*; and, in the Conclusion, she gave him to know, that the young Couple were so aptly disposed to make a Match on't, that nothing but the Sanction of his Consent,

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Consent, and the Marriage Ceremony, remained to accomplish so desirable an End. — Mr. *Cobham* received the Hint with all imaginable Transport: In short, he gave his *Fiat*, and they resolved, after Sir *Charles* had transacted some necessary Business in Town, to set out for *Rufus-Hall*, and there to celebrate the Nuptials. — Some time before their Departure into the Country for this Purpose, Mr. *Cobham* being one Day amusing himself, on the *Royal-Exchange*, with contemplating the infinite Variety of busy Mortals that constantly resort thither, he met quite improvidently with his old Acquaintance Mr. *Owen*. Till that Moment the present State of his Family Affairs had so absorbed almost every other Consideration, that he had never once, since his first coming ashore, bestowed a Thought on the Society. He immediately accosted *Tudor*, and enquiring after the other Members, that Gentleman replied, “ You will be surprised, Mr. *Cobham*, when I tell you, “ that I am not a *Welchman*, as you “ have all along believed me, but my “ real Name is, MEANWELL, and I “ am

“ am a Merchant of established Business
“ in this City. — What induced me
“ to pass under a fictitious Name, you
“ shall hear. — It was merely Chance
“ that first threw me in the Way of
“ your Society. — I was by Accident in
“ a Room contiguous to that wherein
“ the Members were assembled, and,
“ by Means of a thin Partition, could
“ hear distinctly every Syllable of their
“ Conference. By listening with At-
“ tention, I found, they were a Set
“ of most nefarious Sharpers, and had
“ formed a base Combination to impose
“ upon, and gull a Country Gentleman
“ of Fortune, whose Name they did
“ not mention. Curious to know who
“ this Gentleman was, that I might
“ warn him of his Danger, I got Ac-
“ cess by Dint of Money, much Per-
“ suasion, and pretending to be an in-
“ offensive ignorant *Cambrian*, and was
“ admitted a Member of the Society. —
“ To the end they might repose an
“ unscrupulous Confidence in me, I
“ took Occasion one Day to inform
“ them, I was no Stranger to the
“ sworn Confederacy they had entred
“ into against you, but desired them
“ not

“ not to be startled ; for that I was as
 “ willing as the best of ’em to carry on
 “ the Scheme, provided I might be an
 “ equal Sharer in the Profits. This
 “ they assented to with great Pleasure,
 “ and from thenceforward I was privy
 “ to all their secret Cabals, with a
 “ Detail of which it would be needless
 “ to tire you.—Suffice it to say, that
 “ on Receipt of your last Letter which
 “ *Cutberd* brought to us, they resolved
 “ to attack and rob you of the five
 “ hundred Pounds, in your Return to
 “ Town, and afterwards retire with
 “ this, and what they had already
 “ fleeced you of, to *Rotterdam*.—*Brom-*
 “ *ley* was for adding Murder to the
 “ Villainy, alledging that dead Men
 “ tell no Tales. But I remonstrated so
 “ obstinately against it, that we had
 “ almost broke into an open Quarrel.—
 “ At length however he was pacified,
 “ and agreed we should only execute
 “ the Robbery, as had been concer-
 “ ted. I determined without Delay to
 “ take Horse, and give you timely
 “ Notice of the intended Outrage, but
 “ *Bromley*, whose Cunning is not to be
 “ paralleled, for some Reason or other
 “ smoaked

“ smoaked my Design, and in the Instant
“ I was about to mount my Horse a Bai-
“ liff arrested me at his Suit, for a pre-
“ tended Debt of fifty Pounds ; not-
“ withstanding I offered to pay the
“ Money, nay double the Sum, if he
“ would but discharge me, which Mr.
“ *Catchpole* refused to do, insisting I
“ must have committed some extraor-
“ dinary Crime, I was so impatient to
“ be gone. I was then hurried away to
“ a Spunging-house, from whence,
“ after two Days Confinement, he en-
“ larged me, but it was then too late
“ to be of any Service to you. I can-
“ not forget to mention a former In-
“ stance of their Knavery which I
“ have detected. You must know,
“ they had contracted with different
“ Tradesmen for a large Magazine of
“ Military Stores in your Name, which
“ are not paid for to this day ; and by
“ this means they have cozened you
“ of the two hundred Pounds, which
“ you very imprudently paid on the
“ Sight of their Bill.”

Mr. *Cobham* was almost turned into a
Statue with this Intelligence. As soon

as

As he regained the Use of Speech, he protested he could scarce have given Credit to what he, Mr. *Meanwell*, had told him. But if it was true, as upon reviewing all Circumstances, he had little Reason to question his Veracity, he said, nothing more deeply affected him than *Cutberd's* Perfidy: to whom, in Consideration of his supposed Honesty and Integrity of Heart, he had for many Years past allowed an annual Stipend of twenty Pounds. Mr. *Meanwell* assured him, he would find but too much Reason not to distrust the Account he had given him; was sorry, he said, that it came so unreasonable, but hoped it would be a Premonition to his future Conduct in Life; and exhorted him, as he valued his own Happiness, and that of his Family, to attend more to his domestic Affairs; to leave Politics to Statesmen, and Fighting to Soldiers; and be content to pay liberally and chearfully towards the Support of those, whom the Government had deemed sufficient to be employed for the public Security. Mr. *Cobbam* was very thankful for his Advice, which was in great measure
 needless,

needless, as the Detection of such a complicated Scene of Villainy, had operated more forcibly and effectually on his Mind, than any Monitory Precepts, and had determined him to spend the Remainder of his Days at home; which was the only Way of making his Dear Lady amends for his many tedious Absences, and of repairing his shattered Fortune. The slender Remains of which, after clearing all Incumbrances, would barely suffice to maintain them in a genteel and frugal Manner.

C H A P. XX.

*How sweet when all the Storms of Life are
past,
In Wedlock's happy Port to sleep at last.*

ANON.

MR. Cobham, on his Return from Change, recounted to Sir Harry and the Ladies the astonishing Particulars Mr. *Meanwell* had imparted to him; and added, that it gave him the most inexpressible Anguish, to recollect one Action of his, by which, he
told

told them, he had brought Destruction on his innocent Family. On being desired to explain himself, he discovered his Contract with *Tripartite*, to whom unless the Money he had taken upon Loan was repaid in four Days, at which Time the stipulated Term would expire, his whole Estate would become forfeit, and alienated. Oh, said Sir *Charles*, if that be all, Sir, pray don't make yourself any longer uneasy about it. I may now presume to reckon myself as one of your Children, and the Duty I owe to you, who will shortly stand in the Relation of a Father to me, is a Tie which obliges me to offer my Fortune to your Disposal. My Purse, Sir, is yours, and you may apply it to what ever Purpose you think convenient. I have this Morning, thank God, compleated the Business which detained me in Town, and see no Reason why we may not bid adieu to *London* to-morrow. The Day after if you please, Sir, we will accomodate Matters with Mr. *Tripartite*. Mr. *Cobham's* Heart and Eyes were too full to permit his making Reply. He tenderly embraced Sir *Harry* and, beck'ning to his Daughter, he joined their
Hands

Hands together, bestowing at the same time his hearty Blessings on the young Couple; and said to Sir *Harry*, he wished his dear *Sophy* might prove not unworthy the Honour he intended her. Mrs. *Cobham* and her Sister added a thousand tender Wishes for their Happiness, and nothing was wanting to making it complete but the Hymeneal Rites; to solemnize which they left *London* betimes the next Morning; and, arriving at *Rufus-hall* the same Day, detached a Special Messenger to Parson *Trueman*; who obeyed the joyful Summons; and finding they were provided with a Licence under the Lord Primate's Seal, he immediately joined their Hands, as their Hearts were connected before, and the Evening was spent in a general Festivity. The next Day the Bride and the Bridegroom, together with the whole Party, went to *Fox-hall*. But how great was their Surprise, to find all the Domestics in deep Tribulation: Upon enquiring into the Cause, they were told, that Mr. *Tripartite*, having just struck a Bargain with Squire *Wise-acre*, for the Purchase of his Daughter in Marriage, had set out in consequence
to

to espouse the Young Lady ; and the very Day he left his own House, after eating a hearty Dinner at an Inn upon the Road, he was taken suddenly speechless, and sealed his *Quietus* before any Assistance could be brought him. This News was not over and above afflicting to the Company ; for their Neighbour *Tripartite* was one of those miserable Entities, who, like *Chartres* of infamous Memory, are *neither beloved when Living, nor regretted when Dead.*

Upon being ushered into the Parlour, they beheld Miss *Gaylove* o'erwhelmed in decent Sorrow, for the Loss of her Uncle. On one Side of her stood the Captain, (to whom she had sent an Express) but newly lighted from his Horse, stained with the Variation of each Soil, and administering soft Whispers of Comfort to the weeping Fair. — On the other Side sat the Executors perusing the Will, by which they informed her, that after Payment of a few Legacies to his Servants, and the Funeral Expences, she was entitled to all the Rest, and Residue of her late Uncle's Real and Personal Estate, and
that

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that, in default of her Issue, it was left
in remainder to *Goody Tabitha Mac-caw-*
dle an old *Scotch* Woman in that Parish,
who had always nursed him in his Days of
Sickness, and was a most violent *Anti-*
Han—v—r—an.—— Miss *Gaylove* re-
ceived the several Congratulations of
all present, on this joyful Piece of News,
with great Modesty and Composure ;
and, casting a tender Glance at the Cap-
tain, seemed to say with her Eyes,
“ all this is too little to bestow
“ upon one I love so tenderly.” — To
draw nearer the Extremity of my Clue,
I shall pass by several frivolous Circum-
stances that occurred during six Months
after *Tripartite's* Decease ; at the Expi-
ration of which, Miss *Gaylove*, knowing
no Cause or Impediment to the con-
trary, gave her Hand to Captain *Meg-*
got ; a Comedy, called *The Second*
Marriage, was performed with much Ap-
plause by Parson *Trueman*. — And great
were the Rejoicings upon that Occa-
sion. — The Captain was as happy as an
affectionate Wife and an immense
Fortune could render him ; and, being
now so well provided for, he resigned
his Commission, in favour of a brave
L young

young Officer in his Regiment. I must not here omit one Circumstance that redounds to the Captain's immortal Honour. — Upon Mr. *Cobham's* Tender of the five hundred Pounds, with Interest, the Captain searched for the Instrument, to which he had set his Name as Witness, and having found it, after a tedious Scrutiny, he read the Contents to his Wife, and immediately after committed it to the Flames with these Words, “ this, my Love, is but
 “ a slender Token of our Esteem for so
 “ worthy a Gentleman, so good a Subject, and so dear a Friend, as Mr.
 “ *Cobham*.

The two Families kept up the greatest Harmony, and scarce a Week past, without their paying alternate Visits. — Sir *Harry* and the Captain, at Mr. *Cobham's* motion, consented to join with him in a loyal Association, and offered a Premium of two Guineas a Head to any able-bodied Men, that would enlist themselves under his Majesty's Banner, either in the Fleet or Army. And by this generous Largess, and their personal Application, they soon prevailed

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prevailed on a considerable Number
to enter themselves.

C H A P. XXI.

*Be sure to turn the Penny; lye and swear,
'Tis wholesome Sin.* DRYDEN.

AMONGST other Papers which the Executors had thrown into the Captain's Hands, the following curious Dissertation, found in *Tripartite's* own Writing, afforded a good deal of Diversion one Evening by the Fire-side. — The Captain having given me his Consent, I have here inserted it Word for Word, *Pro Bono Publico*.

FORASMUCH as I, *Nicholas Tripartite, de Comit. Cant. Armig.* have by dint of Industry, and certain other Methods, contrived to accumulate a very plentiful Fortune; *Now it seemeth*, this exceeding Amplitude of Wordly Estate hath afforded much Ground of Wonderment to fundry of my Friends, and others, who cannot devise by what right-excellent Ways and Means

I am become so much more abounding in Opulence than they, who have essayed with equal Pains to raise themselves unto the same Level. — Now therefore, to the end that Ages yet unborn may gather the Fruits of my Knowledge and Experience, I do here, with my own Hand, divulge all I know touching this inestimable Art of getting Money, or the true Philosopher's Stone; of which whoever maketh a seemly use, cannot fail to thrive in the World as I have done.

Know then, that all Handicrafts, and some other Branches of Trade, are to be separated into two Partitions, ART and MYSTERY.

The ART is that Science in Manufacturing, or collecting such Materials as are proper for the exercising or carrying on any particular Occupation.

The MYSTERY consisteth in the Science of buying and selling those Manufactures or Materials, so as to produce the greatest Profit.

Every

Every regular Apprentice should be bred up to some smattering in these two Sciences: And tho' the former, or the ART, doth require little more than a common Mechanic Genius; yet, the latter, or MYSTERY, most certainly demandeth a large Extent of Ability, and a perfect Acquaintance with Human Nature.

Whoever would succeed in the MYSTERY, should be very intelligent in all the Rules of Metoposcopy, which will instruct him how to guess the Names, Condition, or Fortune of Persons by a single View of their Faces, Bodies, *et cetera*. He should by this Means be capable of judging whether his Customers are experienced or unexperienced in the Wiles of Traffic;—of distinguishing (if possible) a Waiting-Maid from her Mistress, and abate or rise in his Terms, accordingly. — He must know when to cringe and flatter, and when to personate the downright, plain-dealing, Shopkeeper — When to be impudent, and when to be modest. — When to smile, and

when to look grave. — When to exact, and when to be moderate in his Assessments: In short, he must so mould and controul every Feature of his Countenance, and every Passion of his Mind, as to delude his Customers into a firm Belief of his Integrity. — He should, moreover, be not unversed in polite Behaviour. It will be needful for him to make his Bows and Submissions with due Grace and Formality, (which, if he is not already expert in, may be learnt for a small Sum of Mr. *N. H—rt*, L. D. who instructeth grown Gentlemen therein) and hand a Lady into her Coach with proper Ceremony and Address; not forgetting to pass such Compliments on her Person and Equipage, as the Occasion, or his own Prudence, may suggest.

In drawing out his Bills, particular Care should be taken to charge agreeable to the Ranks and reputed Fortunes of his Customers. — The better to explain myself, I will illustrate this Matter with an Example in my ordinary Practice; and I the rather fix upon my own Profession, as (tho' I say it that
should

should not say it) I look upon an Attorney to be not only one of the most honest Tradesmen, but the most punctual and observant in respect to this Particular.

Some few Days before the Long Vacation, I thus account with two of my Clients.

*Mr. John Nokes, of Kent, Yeoman, Dr.
to Nicholas Tripartite, Esquire.*

Trin. Term, 1756.

	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
To Serjeant with Briefe	1	1	0
Attendance <u> </u>	0	3	4
Term Fee <u> </u>	0	10	6
Porters and Letters	0	1	6 $\frac{3}{4}$
For Trouble, preparing Witnesses, and attend- ing the Tryal }	0	10	6
	<hr/>		
	\pounds . 2	6	10 $\frac{3}{4}$
	<hr/>		

*The Right Worthy and Right Honourable
the Lord Viscount, Stiles, Dr. to Nichs.,
Tripartite.*

Trin : Term, 1756.

	<i>l</i>	<i>s</i>	<i>d.</i>
To Serjeant with Briefe	2	2	0
Attendances	2	2	0
Term Fee	1	5	0
Porters and Letters	1	15	4½
Coach-hire	1	5	0
Refreshing Fee to Council	3	3	0
Paid Chief Justices, and Judges Dinners	12	12	0

For *extra* Trouble and
Fatigue, preparing Wit-
nesses for the Tryal, and
likewise for various Atten-
dances at Jonathan's, Geor-
ge's, Dick's, Tom's, John's,
Will's, and other Coffee-
Houses

Left to your
Lordship's
Generosity

£ 24 4 4½

In the above Bill the Reader wil per-
ceive, how necessary and interesting
it

is, for People, in this or any other Business, to be thoroughly grounded in the Theory and Practice of the MYSTERY. — It ought indeed to be inseparably connected with Law, Physic, Drapery, and all other Trades and Professions whatever. — The LONDONERS seem entire Masters of it, and many are the Benefits it derives to them. For altho' some may imagine it tendeth to the Encouragement of Chicane, Knavery, and Extortion, yet it is the readiest way I know of to regale on *Turtle* and *Burgundy*; to maintain a *Chariot*, a *Villa*, or a *Wh—re*.

Witness my Hand,

NICHOLAS TRIPARTITE.

C H A P. XXII.

*For this Chaos,
This Lump of Projects, e'er it be lick'd o'er,
Is like a Bear's Conception: Stratagems
B'ing but begot, and not got out, are like
To Cannons undischarg'd; they do no Harm,
Nor Good; true Policy, breeding in the Brain,
Is like a Bar of Iron, whose Ribs being broke,
And softened with Fire, you then may forge it
Into a Sword to kill, or to a Helmet,
To defend Life.*

MARLOE,

TO conclude Mr. Cobham's History, he is now executing all the Duties becoming a private Station, has laid aside all whimsical Vagaries, and Romantic Projects. He spends his leisure Hours in teaching his Servants and Tenants the Military Exercise, and sometimes reads to his Family a Portion of *Rapin*; and comments, with many diverting Remarks, on the Exploits of our Forefathers at *Cressi*, *Agincourt*, and *Jerusalem*.

The News-Papers are sent to him with exact Punctuality; all which he
has

has contracted for by the Lump, except *one*. The Publisher of which, having been chastized for inculcating seditious Principles, has fallen under Mr. *Cobham's* Displeasure likewise. — He had the Curiosity, however, to read that particular Essay which had given so much Offence. And declared himself of Opinion, that no Person but *Tripartite*, was capable of avowing Treason in so barefaced and shameless a Manner. Therefore he had great Reason to suspect him to have been the Author of it. But, — *Requiescat in Pace!* — Let us neither rake up the Ashes of the Dead, nor draw upon us the Censure of the Living. — I could wish with my Cousin *Harry*, that there was no such thing as Party-Spirit subsisting among us; but that all my Countrymen would join their Hearts, Heads, and Hands in one common Cause, the Preservation and Defence of our Liberties, our Religion, and the present happy Establishment.

If I may be allowed to close this Narrative of Mr. *Cobham's* Adventures with some Reflexions, by way of Moral;

ral ; I must own, I think the leaving his Family and Affairs, the ruining his Estate with unprofitable Expences, the endangering his Person in a temerarious Enterprize, his dabbling in Politicks, and rambling like a true Knight Errant in quest of frantic Atchievements, have all so strong a Tincture of Folly and Absurdity in them, that I can never be brought to applaud his Conduct, or think him a whit the better Patriot, for being a bad Husband. — In short, if he has a Right to claim any Merit, it can only be from his having *meant well*. As to his Sentiments in respect to our Enemy, the *French*, they are such as will not, I presume, be thought uncharitable, or unbecoming the Lips of any true *Englishman*. — Since his Error became conspicuous to him, his generous Association with Sir *Harry* and the Captain for the Encouragement of Soldiers and Seamen, to serve more willingly in the present Exigence of Affairs, is a Proof of his possessing, in a very eminent Degree, that hearty Love for his King and Country, which, not taking Discretion for it's Guide before, had risen
into

into the very Height of Extravagance; but being at length attempered and moderated, by sedate Reflection, becomes true Patriotism, and shines around him with all the Splendor of a Virtue.

The Reader, if he has Patience to attend me through, will find, I have not given the remotest Handle to the Critic, for accusing me of aiming to extinguish public Spirit. On the contrary, it has been my principal Design to establish and recommend it. But Patriotism, like other Virtues, lies centered between two equi-distant Points. Whenever it transgresses the prescribed Limits, it is gradually degraded, as it recedes further and further towards either of those Points.

*'Twixt two Extreems there is a golden Mean,
Which to this Side or that must never lean.
If once the narrow Boundaries are cross'd,
Our Notions of what's right and just are lost.*

Every Person knows by what easy Transitions too much Valour swells into *Rashness*, or too little subsides into *Cowardice*; how Religion is terminated

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nated on the one hand, by *Entbusiasm*, on the other by *Infidelity*. Thus even Patriotism, when it steps beyond the Line that circumscribes it, either degenerates into chimeric Madness and brutal Prejudice; or falls into Supineness or Disaffection: All which Extremes are equally to be shunned, and a Medium in this may undoubtedly be found; which if we be content to act in, without quitting our Sphere, we may find Opportunities enough to make our Persons or Fortunes serviceable to the Common-wealth, without aspiring to Heroism; without emulating the Puissance of an *Alexander*, a *Cæsar*, or a *Charles of Sweden*; whose almost incredible Exploits were influenced more by a Passion for Fame, than a Love of their Country, and owe their wonderful Success, either to Chance or a supernatural Agency. Whilst we are wrapt in solemn Admiration of the Magnanimity of these Demi-gods, we seldom reflect that the Blood of *Thousands* was rashly lavished to grace *their* Brows with Laurels.

This

This single Consideration methinks should preponderate the Merit of their Chivalry, and make them appear to us as a set of *inhuman Madmen*, who cared not how many Lives they sacrificed, how many foreign States they embroiled, or how much they impoverished, distressed, and dispeopled their *own*; provided their Names might be recorded in the Book of Fame, and themselves immortalized as Heroes of invincible Prowess.

*'Tis a disorder'd Head,
Which, by the Passions in Confusion led,
The Images of Right and Wrong mistakes,
And Rage, or Folly no great Difference makes.*

In short, in all our Undertakings for the common Good, Reason, Judgment, and Disprejudice should carry their full Weight; and teach us to engage in no Scheme, but what may eventually turn to our own Honour, and the general Advantage. On the other hand, let us not tamely give way to such violent Gusts of patriotic Fury, as may transport us into intemperate Zeal, and extravagant Measures,

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Measures, hurrying us away from the Practice of such wiser Means as would have tended to the certain Emolument of our Country and ourselves.

*True Patriotism is seen in great Exploits,
That Justice warrants, and that Wisdom
guides ;*

All else is tow'ring Frenzy and Distraction,

C H A P. XXIII.

*While purer Slumbers spread their golden
Wings,*

*A Train of Phantoms in wild Order rose,
And, join'd, this intellectual Scene compose.*

POPE.

HAVING thus conducted this History to the destined Period, I threw down my Pen; and, looking steadfastly on the Manuscript before me, began to entertain myself with those Self-Appraises, and flattering Conceits, which most Authors are sensible of, whilst they survey their new-fangled Performances. The delightful Expectations of appearing in Print, and of being perused

perused and approved of by many an honest *Briton*, combined altogether to plunge me in an ecstatic Reverie, by which I was insensibly beguiled to gentle Slumber; when my active Fancy presented me with the following Vision. Methought I was on a sudden conveyed within a spacious Building, which on Enquiry I found was called *the TEMPLE of NOVELTY*. It was thronged with an *infinite Number of both Sexes*, dressed in the most *Grotesque and ludicrous Habits* Imagination can paint. Some had carried this *Extravagance of Fancy* so far, and *disguised* themselves in such a manner, that it was impossible to find out any Resemblance they bore to the *Human Species*. Some of these had *diversified* their Habit, with the Figures of *Giants, Lillputians, Dragons, and Devils*, which put me in mind of the painted *Tunicks*, worn by the condemned *Heretick* at an *Auto-de-Fe*. Indeed there were very few, whose Dress was not characterised with some unnatural *Absurdity*. In some you might peruse an *Air of Vanity and Affectation*; in others a certain *Tawdriness*, which tho' it imposed on the Eye at a Distance, yet

yet appeared on a closer View, to be extremely *Coarse*, wrought in a *bad Taste*, and of *little Value*. Here you might observe a Number of shocking Wretches *half-cloathed* with *Filthy Rags*, which disgusted the Sight, and discovered nothing but *Poverty* and *Obsceneness*; whilst another Set were attired in *parti-coloured Habits*, like so many Jack puddings, and by their *Grimace*, *Drollery*, and *antick Gesticulations*, seemed very desirous of *raising a Laugh*. I took particular Notice, that every one of these Personages seemed to *picque* himself on being *dress'd* in a manner *different* from the *rest*, and to think theirs much inferior to his *own* in Point of *Richness*, *Elegance*, and *Beauty*. This arrogant Notion of Superiority occasioned many warm Disputes with one another for *Precedence*; they insulted each other with bitterest Invectives. One Party affirmed, that if his Opponent displayed any particular *Grace* or *Excellence* in his *Dress*, it was not his own *Taste*, but meanly *pilfered* from somebody else; whilst, on the contrary, the other recriminated his Charge of *Plagiarism*, and pointed out a hundred *Improprieties* and *Defects*,
which

which he had detected in the Garb of his Antagonist, and avoided in his *own*. This Contention for Preeminence soon caused a violent Hubbub in the Temple, and an open Rupture seemed to be inevitable; when, behold, on a sudden, in the very Height of the Cabal, a Voice like Thunder was heard, commanding Silence; instantly, two Ivory Gates flew open, and there entered the *Genius of Novelty*, who presided over these his *numerous Votaries*. He was the most extraordinary Being I had ever heard, of, or met with, in the *Pantbeon*, a hundred Seats were scarce sufficient for his purpose; he was continually *shifting* from Place to Place, and did not appear in the *same Dress* for two *Minutes* together: In short, his whole Person underwent *perpetual Alterations*. He was now come to put a final Stop to the Controversy which raged among his Votaries; to determine their Merits, and to settle each in his respective Degree of Precedence. Those, who first approached his Footstool to be examined, acquainted him their Names were, *D—vil Dick*, *The Footman ennobled*, *the accomplished Rake*, and some others; and became extreamly
urgent

urgent to make known their Pretensions. And, indeed, they *proclaimed* their own *Praises* with so much *Noise* and *Insolence*, that they were ordered to be *driven away* by Force, and *banished* the *Temple* for ever. After this Decree, the Genius strictly inquired into the Deserts of the several Candidates; which in the Conclusion appeared so *equal*, that he commanded them to *draw Lots*, and leave it to *Chance* to decide the Matter of Precedence. He then made a Division of the whole Company, which he marshalled into two Ranks, and appointed a *Chief* to stand at the *Head* of each *Party*. To each *Chief* was presented an *Ensign*, on one of which was inscribed in Capital Letters, *Romance*; on the other, *Novels*. I could not but take particular Notice of these two, who were easily *distinguished*, by an Air of *natural Simplicity*, and *unaffected Good-bumour*, from their respective Parties.

He, who bore *Romance* for his *Motto*, I observed was drest after the *Spanish Mode*. The other Chief appeared in a plain *English Dress*, and so strongly resembled

resembled the late *Justice F—lding* in every Feature, that, although I stood aloof at some Distance, I was almost positive of his being the very *individual Person*. — That I might not be mistaken as to this Point, I bustled among the Croud, and attempted to take a nearer Survey of him. But the more I pushed forward for this Purpose, the *further* still I seemed to have *removed myself*; so that, after many *unsuccessful Trials*, I was forced at length to *desist*, and was retiring in a very sorrowful Mood to a distant Corner of the Temple, when a Stranger accosted, and presented me with a Scroll of Paper, telling me, at the same time, he was dispatched by his Master, the *Chief* of the *Novelists*, (who was really the Person I had supposed him to be) to acquaint me, “ That
 “ he *approved* my strenuous *Endeavours*
 “ to *come near* to him, but *that* was
 “ a *Favour* hitherto decreed to *few* or
 “ *none*. That he wish’d me Success
 “ in my future Undertakings, and re-
 “ commended the Contents of that
 “ Paper to my Perusal.” I returned all due Acknowledgments, per Bearer, to his Worship, and, opening the Scroll,
 found

found it contained some Poetry, which I had no sooner read, but methought the Assembly broke up. The Ivory Gates a second time flew open, and the Genius of Novelty withdrew, amidst the tumultuous Acclamation of his Votaries; the intolerable Loudness of which soon put an end to my Vision. I am sorry to say the Verses were not so strongly imprinted on the Tablet of my Memory, as I could have desired, but, on awaking, I immediately fell to work, and committed the following to Paper, which (unless I am mistaken) were much the same as I received by the Hands of the Messenger.

*Whilst George, the great Support of Free-
dom's Cause,*

*Defends our Faith, and rules with whole-
some Laws ;*

His pious Cares to all our Wants extend,

*At once our King, our Father, and our
Friend.*

*Here, Britons, here, with grateful Rev'-
rence see*

The mighty Guardian of your Liberty.

Think

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*Think well, (e'er Faction tempt your Faith
astray)*

On Popish Juggles, and Tyrannic Sway.

*From this blest Isle, to France your View
direct,*

Where Rapine rules, insatiate and uncheck't.

*There droops poor Industry with streaming Eye,
And pining Commerce sits neglected by!*

There Poverty exalts his iron Hand,

And scatters Mis'ry o'er th' afflicted Land!

Near him, in tatter'd Wretchedness, are seen,

Soup-Maigre, and Disease of squallid Mien!

*The Peasant there, with Years and Cares de-
prest,*

Whom the gay Prospect of approaching Rest,

*Deludes with Hope, to spend Life's small
Remains,*

In calm Fruition of his Youthful Gains,

Sees the Support of his declining Age

Grip'd by some Farmer's avaritious Rage!

In vain he sheds the plaintive Tear, or shows

His hoary Tresses, and his furrow'd Brows!

But should Resentment urge his hasty Spleen,

To brave th' Oppressor with Invective keen,

Then let the hapless Wretch prepare to feel

The tort'ring Rack, or perish in Bastile.

Oh, Slaves to Caprice! Subjects of Controul!

*Chain'd are your Hands, and Fear subdues
your Soul!*

Yet,

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*Yet, happy Mortals, midst your Slav'ry blest,
Ye cannot mourn the Loss, of what ye ne'er
possess.*

*We blend in one our Int'rest, Duty, Love;
Nor yield our Hands, unless our Hearts ap-
prove.*

*The Bond of Faith sincere, with social Ties,
Alike the People, and the Prince, allies.*

*We, when despotic Ministers oppress,
With Tongue dare censure, or with Sword
redress.*

*" Come then, my Friends, to whom benig-
nant Heaven*

" The precious Dow'r of Liberty has given,

*" Cherish with tend'rest Care the lovely
Maid,*

*" And freely bleed, when she demands your
Aid.*

" And should Invasion's horrid Tumults roar,

*" Threat'ning with Gallic Arms our Albi-
on's Shore;*

*" Swift to the Field your glad Auxilience
bring,*

*" True to your GOD, your COUNTRY,
and your KING.*

18 JU 70

F I N I S.

